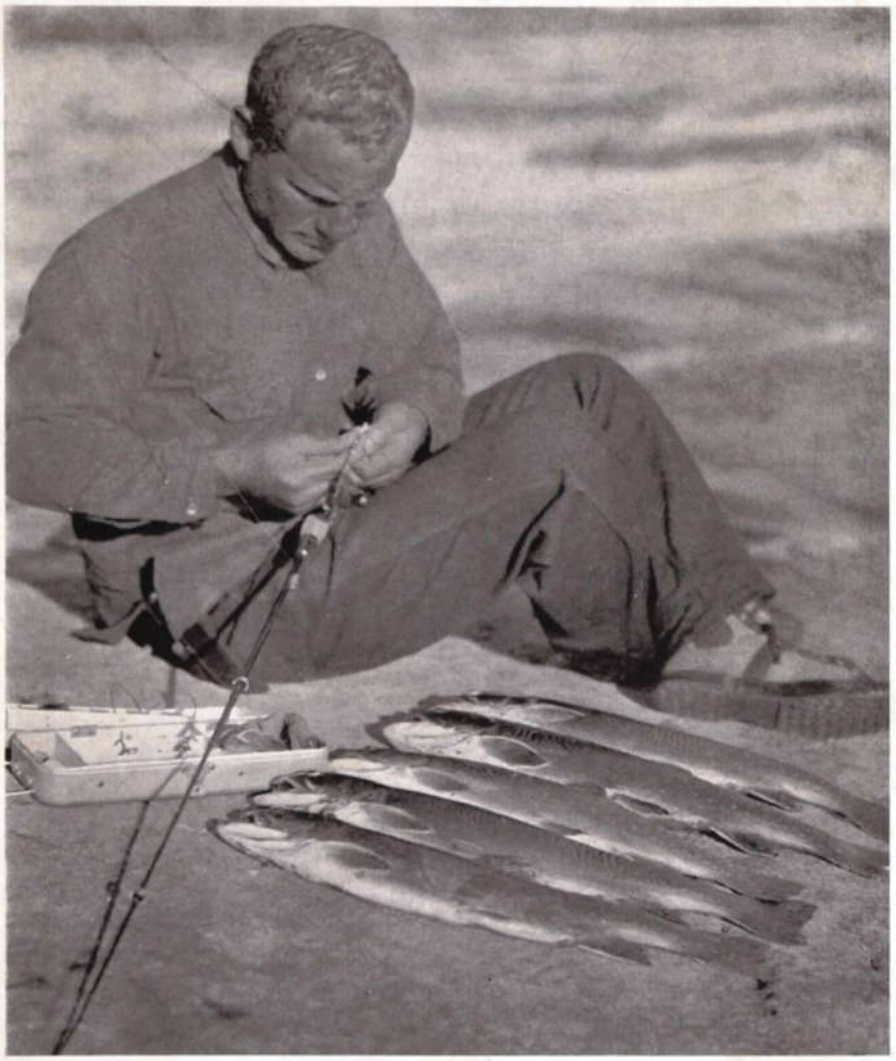
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



OUTFIT 266

NUMBER 1

Tadoussac, the Company and the King's Posts
—Clifford P. Wilson

The Unsolved Death of Thomas Simpson
—John A. Stevenson
Chief Canadian Correspondent, The Times, London

The Coast Line and Islands of Hudson Bay
—Noel J. Ogilvie
Director, Geodetic Survey of Canada

By Canoe to the Bay— and Back
—Wallace W. Kirkland

The Eskimo Dogs of the Eastern Arctic
—S. Hadwen, D.V.Sc., F.R.S.C.

John Rowand, Chief Factor
—Ross Mitchell, M.D.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

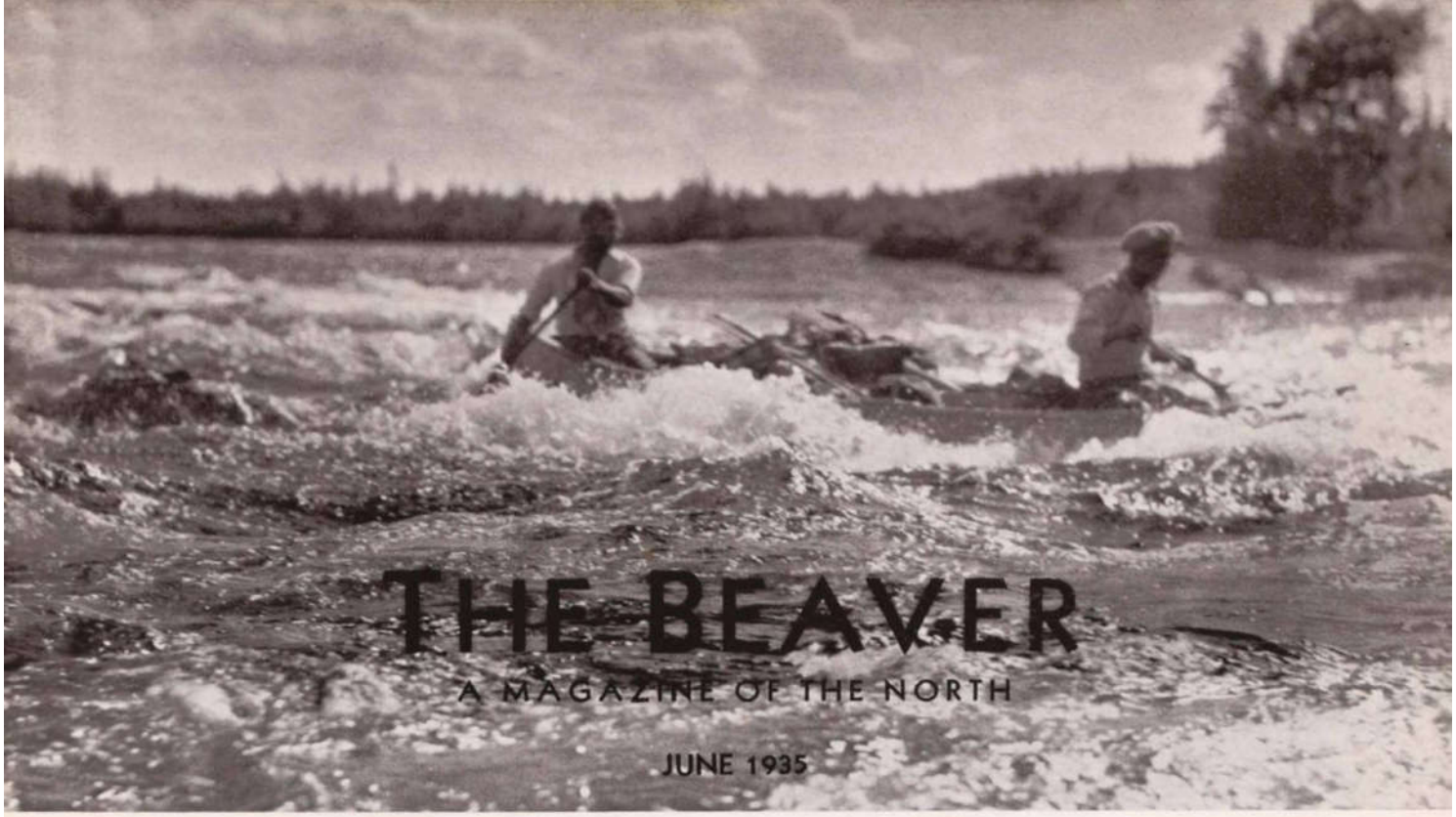
"THE next morning I arrived in good health at Prince of Wales's Fort after having been absent eighteen months and twenty-three days on this last expedition; but from my first setting out it was two years seven months and twenty-four days.

"Though my discoveries are not likely to prove of any material advantage to the Nation at large, or indeed to the Hudson's Bay Company, yet I have the pleasure to think that I have fully complied with the orders of my Masters, and that it has put a final end to all disputes concerning a North West Passage through Hudson's Bay . . ."

—*Samuel Hearne*

A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. Undertaken by Order of the Hudson's Bay Company for the Discovery of Copper Mines, a North West Passage, etc. In the Years 1769, 1770, 1771 and 1772.
Published in London, 1795.

Samuel Hearne was the first white man to reach the Arctic Ocean overland and discovered the Coppermine River.



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JUNE 1935

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG, CANADA

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged.

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Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Husky Pups

Photo: Wallace W. Kirkland

THE HBC PACKET

THE discovery of a document which gives fresh vitality to Company history is an occasion to be noted. The archives in London include a small book in which Sir George Simpson wrote in his own hand his frank private opinions of everyone in the Fur Trade at about the year 1832. The value of the book had been very limited because Simpson had identified his subordinates by number only. Within recent months Mr. Leveson Gower has found, among Sir George's papers, a single sheet linking names of fur traders with the numbers in the confidential "character" book. With this key Sir George's personnel system becomes highly interesting reading, and men who are otherwise nominal characters in the history of Western Canada are made quite human beings with vices and virtues duly noted. The character book gives colour and animation to the period and will probably become one of the most quoted documents of the Company archives. There is one entry which links up with Mr. Stevenson's article on Thomas Simpson in this issue. Thomas' brother attacked Sir George bitterly on the grounds that, because Thomas had been a cousin, the Governor had stood in the way of his advancement in the service. The following extract from the character book makes it quite clear that the Little Emperor had high hopes for his kinsman:

"No. 80 (Thomas Simpson)—A Scotchman 3 years in the Service, 24 Years of Age; was considered one of the most finished Scholars in Aberdeen College: is handy & active and will in due time if he goes on as he promises be one of the most complete men of business in the country; acts as my Secty or Confidential Clerk during the busy Season and in the capacities of Shopman, accomptant & Trader at Red River Settlement during the Winter—perfectly correct in regard to private conduct & character."

"You are to keepe exact Journalls" stated the instructions to the first Company fur traders on the *Nonsuch* in 1668. It is a fair speculation that without "exact Journalls" the Company could not have survived the centuries. Again and again when under hot fire from enemies in high places, the Governor and Committee were able to produce, before parliamentary inquiries, the journals of officers and servants to establish the truthful record of the Company's performance of obligations. Today

these documents are the very substance of the Company's archives and the fabric of the history of Western Canada. It is hoped in the next *Beaver* to resume the series of articles which Mr. Leveson Gower has been writing on the work of putting this vast volume of material into an orderly arrangement.

A further bulletin on the salvaging of the last of the York boats: We are now assured that this craft, which is destined to become as rare a museum piece as the Red River cart, will be in shape this summer to be towed from Norway House down Lake Winnipeg to our own Lower Fort. Complete report on this voyage in September.

One of the pleasant things about the editing of this magazine (and there are plenty of unpleasant things) is the congenial group of contributors. They are people who apparently write for us with enthusiasm on subjects which they know best, and there is no better companion than an intelligent person with a field of expert knowledge. We have with us this June Dr. Seymour Hadwen, director of the department of pathology and bacteriology at the Ontario Research Foundation, writing expertly on Northern dogs. The second part of this article will appear in the next number. J. A. Stevenson, chief correspondent of the London *Times* in Canada, is a Scot who has an incredible knowledge of Scotsmen in Canada's story and is therefore better equipped than anyone we know to write of the brief, tragic career of Thomas Simpson. N. J. Ogilvy, who is director of Canada's Geodetic Survey as well as being His Britannic Majesty's International Boundary Commissioner, is certainly an expert on his subject. Of Wallace Kirkland, Chicago, we know little except that he conducts strenuous expeditions of youngsters to unexpected places and calls on us looking lean and bronze on the way "out." Dr. Ross Mitchell, of Winnipeg, is known to us chiefly for his well directed enthusiasm for medical history in Western Canada, and that, of course, means he knows a lot about the Company. Clifford Wilson is the author of "Adventurers All" and contributed the series of articles to *The Beaver* on Sir George Simpson and Lachine. He writes about Tadoussac at our suggestion, perhaps because we like the place so much. Fred Auger, of Victoria, does a cheery bit of waterfront reporting for the benefit of we who are prairie-bound.

Who ever started this "Gentlemen Adventurers" business? From time to time in the past 265 years there may have been some gentlemen in the Company, but they are certainly not mentioned in any of the official documents. There seem to have been some barber-shop smoking-room arguments on the subject recently, for we have been persistently asked to straighten the matter out (six phone calls one day). Our U.S.-Canadian hybrid contemporary, *Liberty*, recently had a query on it in their Question and Answer Department, and then gave the wrong answer. Here once again is the Company's official name, used in all legal documents: "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." Note also that the Company still operates under a Royal Charter signed by King George V.

In the past three numbers of *The Beaver* sixteen new books have been reviewed, all having some relation to the Company. None of them is fiction. It is a notable fact and helps to remind us of a widening interest in the North and in Company history. Publishers don't issue books for pleasure; they are produced for profit, and it usually requires sales of nearly two thousand copies to get a book into profits. While on the subject of books, it should be recorded that copies of Bryce's "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company" are becoming difficult to acquire. It was first published in 1900 and went through eight editions and revisions between then and 1910. So, if you have a copy, hold it and your grandchildren may use it to pay off the mortgage and bless your memory.

Advertising is being knocked about the lot in these times. "Horror" advertising, extravagant claims and bad taste generally are the charges made by serious minded people against the endeavour to sell goods and services by words and pictures. The attack is mainly directed against "national advertisers"—that is, those who use the magazines, radio and newspapers in nation-wide campaigns. The consumer, they say, is being duped by half truths and misleading statements. The consumer's ignorance of what is *really* in the bottle, the tin or the chocolate box is being exploited. And now advertising is rising in its own defence to admit there have been departures from the truth by a few and "nasty" advertising by a few others but,

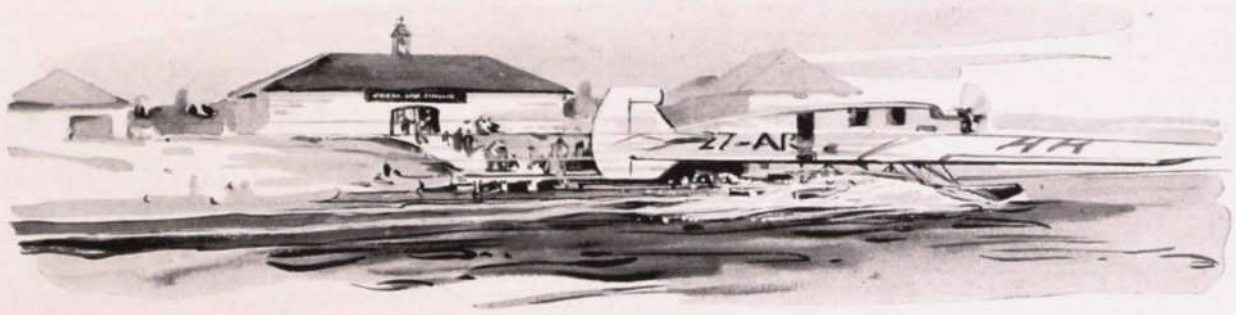
they say, national advertising has enabled you to buy an excellent tin of beans or an excellent automobile because the manufacturers can reach and sell to millions through national advertising. The battle is warming up and highly readable books are being written on the subject. We who are in this selling business will find it all interesting and if our reputation is worth what we believe it to be, we may benefit from it by continuing to enjoy customer confidence in merchandise sold under our own name.

Design is one of the side shows of modern business. There are actually annual exhibitions of trademarks and labels and magazines dealing exclusively with packaging of merchandise, where you may read how Whoopee Corn Plasters increased their sales 1000 per cent by streamlining their container (in the trade it's container, not box) and wrapping each plaster in prophylactic, sterilized, scented, pastel shaded cellophane. It's that kind of a business; but it's not all fooling. If you are the sort of person who likes your bathroom cluttered up with bottles which look like horse liniment or rat poison, then you are not sensitive to packaging. But if you find any slight pleasure in labels or boxes in clean crisp colour with useful information printed in the right place, then you may be interested in the results of some of the experiments carried on by the Stores Departments in design. It is, of course, only a side show of merchandising, but a pleasant one and one in which everyone is an expert—which makes it interesting. We hope to get to this subject in a future *Beaver*.

The Fur Trade will admit modestly to an astonishing diversity of activity, but art has never been near the top of the list—at least not until Stanley Knapp painted a picture of the Company's post at Frobisher Bay, Baffin Land. With hairs plucked from his own head, common house paints and cardboard from a biscuit carton, Knapp executed a picture which has brought recognition from the trustees of the National Gallery of Canada. When the *Nascopie* was North last summer the artist fur trader gave the picture to Major McKeand, director Northwest Territories branch of the Department of the Interior, who later presented it to H. S. Southam, chairman of the trustees of the gallery. Later the newspapers heard of the picture and the story was told in scores of Canadian dailies. This year, when Knapp, who is now manager of Clyde River (the second most northerly post of the Company), unpacks the year's mail from the *Nascopie*, he will find a set of paints and brushes as a gift from the National Gallery.

It is June. The Retail Store Anniversary sales are over. The 265th General Court of the Company is past. The North comes to its ice-free season and on the Company's charts Northern courses are plotted. In the first week of June the ships of the Mackenzie River Transport head down stream for the Arctic. The motor schooner *Fort Severn* will be working on the west coast of Hudson Bay. The *Fort Garry* will be among the ice off the Labrador. The *Fort Churchill* will be on the east coast of the Bay. The *Fort James* will be fitting out for her Western Arctic expedition. The *Nascopie* loads this month at Montreal to sail for the Eastern Arctic 13th July.

The receiving of mail remains one of the minor pleasures of life. The unpredictable element in unopened mail can be the Great Unknown to an existence otherwise limited to nine to five and an occasional expedition to the cinema. Outgoing mail can also have its interest, and to watch the gray-green envelopes containing *The Beaver* taking off for Yokohama, Leipzig and New Guinea renews one's confidence in the Hudson's Bay Company as the most interesting corporation in the world. Moreover, it should be remembered that our subscribers in Kodiak, Alaska and the Isle of Mull have all paid the modest tariff of one dollar a year. All of which is to suggest to you that *The Beaver*, at this price, makes one of the most agreeable—and economical—gifts it is possible to send. So, with low editorial plus advertising cunning, having lured you thus far, we now draw your attention to the coupon which ought to be in the lower right hand corner of the inside back cover. (If it isn't there the printer has let us down badly.)



Tadoussac Bay, showing the Canada Steamship Lines hotel looking out over the St. Lawrence, and, on the right of the hotel down by the waterfront, the chapel. The Saguenay is between the high land in the background and the lower heights behind the hotel.

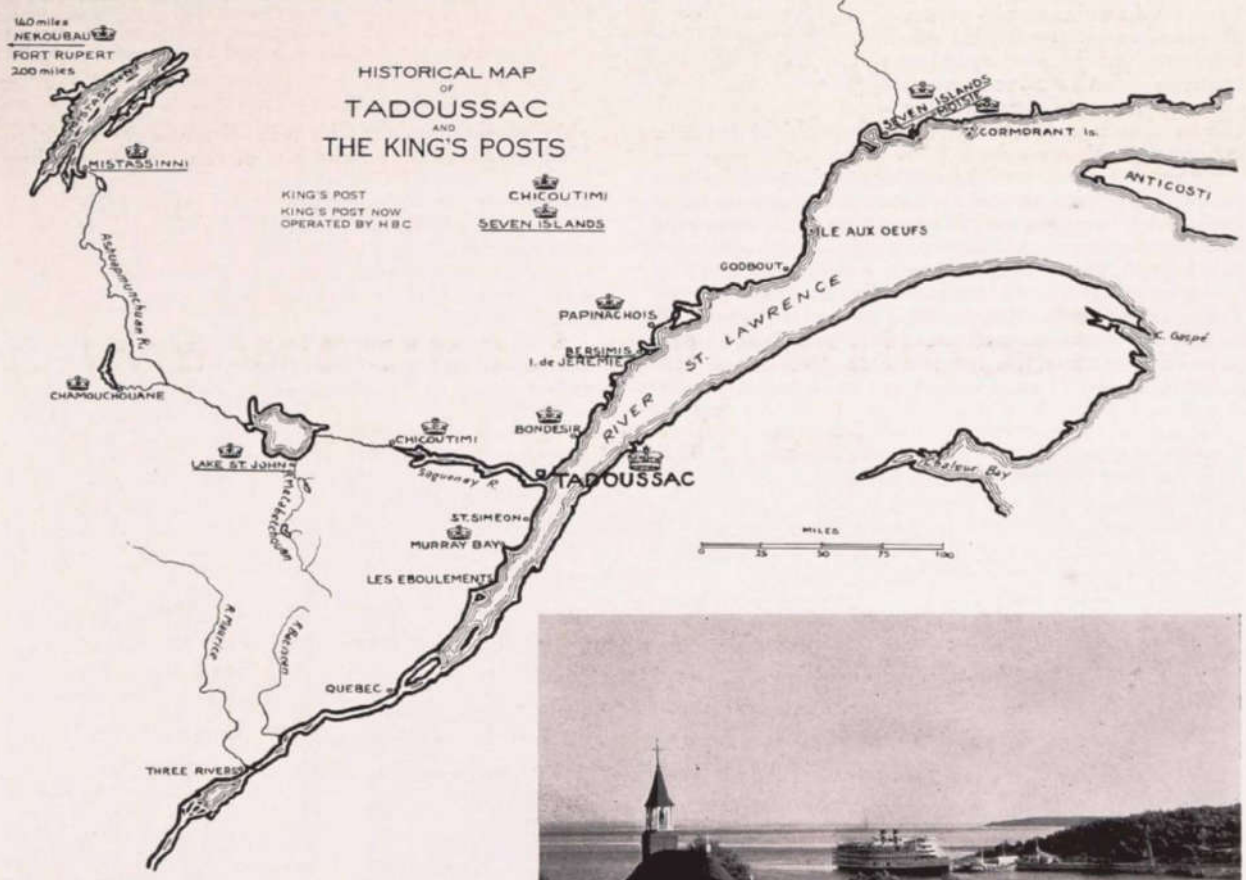
Tadoussac, the Company and the King's Posts

By CLIFFORD P. WILSON

The Story of Tadoussac's Transition in Three Centuries from the Earliest Fur Trading Post in Canada to a Cool Summer Resort for Montrealers and Quebeckers. From Tadoussac Colonial French Traders, the Nor'westers and Hudson's Bay Company Men Have Ruled the King's Domain, and Cartier, Champlain, Ballantyne and Strathcona Have Heard the Winds Roar Down the Deep Canyon of the Saguenay.

THE story of Tadoussac and the King's Posts is inextricably bound up with the story of the Hudson's Bay Company, partly because the King's Domain adjoined the Hudson's Bay territories, but chiefly because the posts were operated for many years by the Company itself and its predecessors in Quebec, the Nor'westers. Five of them, moreover —Seven Islands, Mistassinni, Moisie River, Bersimis, and Lake St. John (Pointe Bleue)—are still in existence under jurisdiction of the St. Lawrence-Ungava district of the Fur Trade Department.

Tadoussac, the headquarters of the domain, was the earliest fur trading post in Canada. Ten years before Henry Hudson sailed into the bay that bears his name, it had been established at the mouth of the Saguenay. *Totoushak* the place was called by the local Indians, and the French, "who murder every foreign word," as old David Thompson has it, pronounced it *Tawdoussac*. The Indian name, meaning mamelons, referred to the rounded hills of rock guarding the entrance to the Saguenay river, which Champlain quaintly refers to in his



Tadoussac Chapel, erected in 1747, from the hotel lawn. The bell dates back a hundred years earlier.

And below

Looking out over the St. Lawrence, the mouth of the Saguenay on the right. The vessel is one of the C.S.L. fleet.

Tadoussac in 1865. The H B C post is visible between the old Indian chapel on the left and the new hotel on the right. Lord Strathcona lived there as a young man in 1841. Trading was discontinued there in 1859, but the old building stood until about 1885. The hotel seen in the picture forms part of the present Canada Steamship Lines structure, while the chapel, it will be noticed, is virtually the same.

map of 1608 as *montagnes fort mauvaises*.

By that time it had become a rendezvous of many years' standing for the independent French trading ships and the roving Indians who came down the Saguenay and St. Lawrence in their fur laden canoes. But up to the year 1600, no permanent post had been established there. One of the French traders, Francois Grave, Sieur du Pont—better known, perhaps, as Pont-Grave—saw that competition between the ships was ruining trade, and determined to secure a monopoly of it from the French crown. Pierre Chauvin, a ship owner of Honfleur, helped him obtain it, and in the opening months of the seventeenth century these two set sail for the St. Lawrence with a crowd of would-be settlers on board their vessels.

In return for a trading monopoly lasting for ten years, they had agreed to start a colony in New France by bringing out fifty settlers each year and leaving them on this side to trade and build and till the soil. But Chauvin's prime object appears to have been to enrich himself. When they got to Tadoussac, he decided to land his men there, and in spite of the remonstrances of Pont-Grave, who pointed out that the land around the site of the present Three Rivers would be much more amenable to settlement, Chauvin obstinately stuck to his guns. Under the shadow of the mamelons they built a cluster of wooden shacks, including the post house—or as Champlain scathingly calls it, a *maison de plaisance*—twenty-five by eighteen feet and eight feet high, "in the shape of a guard room," covered with boards, with a fireplace in the middle, and surrounded by wattles and a small ditch dug in the sand.

During the summer they traded with the Indians, and in the autumn Chauvin and Pont-Grave sailed away to France, leaving behind in the post, not fifty men as the terms of their charter called for, but a mere sixteen. Even these were too many for the amount of food left there to sustain them through the terrible winter that followed. Misfortune dogged them from the start. The men were unruly without a proper leader and ill prepared to face the intense cold and the blizzards that came howling out of the west across the open waters of the Saguenay's mouth. Some of them died miserably, and the wretched remainder took refuge with the wandering tribes.

The second and third expeditions, in the two following

Champlain's Map of Tadoussac in 1608, showing Chauvin's post of 1600, the first in Canada, on almost the same site as the future Hudson's Bay Company post. Among other inaccuracies, the source of the fresh water brook, C, is wrongly shown. D is "the place where the savages camp when they come to trade."

years, fared little better from the point of view of settlement, although the fur trading brought in good returns, and while Chauvin sat comfortably at home by his fireside, the murderous cold of Tadoussac did away with twenty or more of his wretched "colonists." Then, fortunately perhaps for other intended victims, while preparing for a fourth expedition in 1603, Chauvin also died.

Thus ended his series of attempts to establish a permanent settlement in Canada. His trading post, which Champlain shows in his map of Tadoussac in 1608, is repeatedly described (even by noted historians) as the first house in Canada; but it is obvious that it was antedated by some sixty years by Cartier's and Roberval's buildings near Cap Rouge, if not by Cartier's fort of 1535 near the St. Charles at Quebec.

Although Tadoussac remained the headquarters of the Canadian fur trade for several years thereafter, no other white man's dwelling was raised there but the bark chapels of the Recollet and Jesuit missionaries. For fur trading in that bleak and barren spot was a matter of seasonal business between the ships anchored in the sandy bay and the Indians of various tribes whose wigwams were grouped together beside the little stream which runs down from the hills into the harbour.

Some of the writings of modern authors—as well as of ancient ones—lead one to suppose that the place was a thriving community during the whole of the French regime; but, as Charlevoix put it after his visit there in 1720, "there never was more than one French house in it, with some huts of Indians that came here in trading time, and who afterwards carried their huts away with them as they do with the booths of a fair."

During the forty years following the death of Chauvin, no fewer than seven fur trading monopolies were granted. But in 1663 the administration of the colony of Canada passed out of the hands of the Company of New France into those of Louis XIV, and from then until the termination of the Hudson's Bay Company lease nearly two centuries later the huge trading district of which Tadoussac was the headquarters was known variously as the Traite de Tadoussac, the Domaine du Roi, or the King's posts.

The limits of the domain were not definitely fixed until 1733, but when that was done they proved to be virtually the same as those in use for at least seventy-five years before that, plus an extension on the east from Ile aux Oeufs to Cape Cormorant, fifteen leagues below Seven Islands. From the latter point they stretched west along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to Les Eboulements, and thence due west for some seventy miles to the height of land between the Batiscan river and the sources of the Metabetchouan. The western boundary was determined roughly by the St. Maurice watershed, and the eastern by the meridian of Cape Cormorant, while the northern was said to extend in one point as far as Hudson Bay.

This last delimitation led naturally to a good deal of rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and the French traders for the furs of those Indians who found it just as easy to reach one as the other. In 1681, the Intendant Duchesneau complained that the English "are still at Hudson's Bay on the north and do great damage to our fur trade. The farmers" (of the revenue) "suffer in consequence, by the diminution of the trade at Tadoussac, and throughout that entire country, because the English draw off the Ottawa nations; for the one and the other design they have two forts in the said bay—the one towards Tadoussac" (Fort Rupert, first of the Hudson's Bay posts) "and the other at Cape Henrietta Maria on the side of the **Assinibouetz*." Thus the first English fur post in Canada came into direct competition with the first French post.

In 1720, when John Law's Compagnie d'Occident was in charge of the domain, there were only four solidly established posts to take care of its trade—Tadoussac, Chicoutimi, Papinachois or Jeremie Islets, and Moisie River—but the decree of 1733, which set the limits, names eight more—Malbaie (Murray Bay), Bondesir, Lake St. John, Nekoubau, Chamouchouane, Mistassinni, Naskapi, and Seven Islands. The Islets de Jeremie post was also known as Pointe Betsiamites—the present Bersimis. The rights of operating these various posts were farmed out to the highest bidders, and so the man in charge was called the farmer of the posts. In 1750 the farmer was, so to speak, a farmerette, as the Traite de Tadoussac was controlled by a woman, the widow of Fornel. By that time, however, the trade in peltries at Tadoussac had taken

*This spelling is a reminder that the original way of pronouncing the word Assiniboine was something like Assinibwen. La Verendrye, in fact, sometimes spelt it Assinibouene, and French-Canadian peasants of today still pronounce it thus.

This view of Tadoussac has been taken from the frontispiece of Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay," first edition, and shows the H B C post as it appeared when the famous author was there in 1846. Same building is visible in the 1865 photo. (Photographs on these two pages courtesy Canadian Geographical Journal.)

second place to the seal fishery, which was carried on from December to March. It was doubtless this that decided the farming company to keep open its post there the year round. Since the days of Chauvin it had been simply a "summer resort" for the French traders, but now the seal hunters had to be fed from the company warehouse, since they had no time for any other sort of hunting, and so Tadoussac began to be inhabited in the winter as well as the summer.

After the British conquest, the new government continued to lease the right of trading, hunting and fishing in the domain to some individual or company, and the King's Posts were operated by the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies as well as by private parties. The Seigniory of Murray Bay was sliced off the domain in 1762, and the western extremity on the St. Lawrence thereby moved down stream to the Black river at St. Simeon; but it still remained an immense territory, tremendously rich in furs and fish, and whale and seal oil.

That year the lease was awarded to Thomas Dunn and John Gray, of Quebec, who held it until 1786 at an annual rental of £400. During the War of Independence, American privateers plundered the various St. Lawrence posts of more than £3000 worth of furs and merchandise, but Tadoussac they left strictly alone, owing to the amusing precautions taken by the clerk, a Mr. Martin. The post, thanks to a row of six field-pieces ranged along the edge of the terrace above the beach, already presented quite a formidable front; but Martin added to it by getting the Indians there to dress up in scarlet and parade around whenever a ship appeared in the offing, so that to those on board they appeared like British soldiers. The field-pieces, four-pounders, were still there in 1847, though "more for the sake of appearance than for use," and it is possible that the two old guns now on the lawn of the Tadoussac hotel belong to their number.

Martin was there when the adventurer, John Long, who was also in the employ of Messrs. Dunn & Gray at the time, visited the place in 1780. Long, in his "Travels and Voyages," tells an amusing tale of how he dressed up as an Indian and, taking forty savages from the post, boarded a supposed American privateer in Tadoussac Bay. The "privateer" turned out to be a Quebec packet, and the captain, vastly relieved to find himself among friends, invited Long, Martin and the local priest—who was evidently the saintly Pere Labrosse of the famous Tadoussac legend—to dinner on board. Afterwards, on the way back in the ship's boat to the beach, the good father began to reprimand Long for inciting his peaceful flock to warfare; whereupon the adventurer, who had drunk a little too freely of the captain's wine, picked up the priest and dropped him overboard into the icy waters of the bay.

The North-West Company's connection with the King's Posts began in 1802, when Simon McTavish and associates leased them on behalf of that partnership and put Angus Shaw in charge. The lease was for twenty years, at the greatly increased rental of £1025. Tadoussac was still the headquarters of the domain, but it was not in favour with the fur traders as a place of year round residence. Then, as now, it was delightful in the summer, but in the winter a place to be abhorred. "If there is an ounce of cold forty leagues up the river, there will be a pound of it here," was Champlain's way of putting it; and almost every writer who has experienced a winter there since has agreed with him. James McKenzie, the Nor'wester, who visited the King's Posts in the summer of 1808, was charmed with Tadoussac in the warm months:

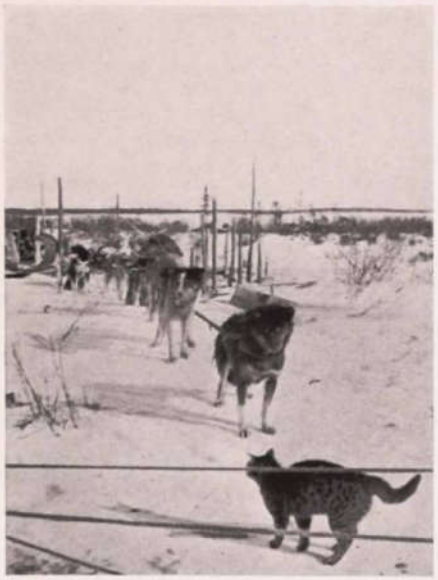
"The people fishing, the whales playing in the basin before the house, the cattle grazing around the gardens, the birds flying about, with the universal verdure which prevails in the summer season, give the place a lively appearance. But," he adds, "how sadly the scene is reversed in the winter, when not only the animated part of creation retires from the horrid prospect, but the very rocks and trees seem to shrink and groan under the heaps of snow which cover them. The latter are actually torn up by the roots or broken in splinters by the westerly wind, which rushes from the Saguenay with a violence which threatens to sweep everything before it."

R. M. Ballantyne, the author, who spent a couple of months there early in 1846, found it equally dismal: "Rocks—cold, hard, misanthropic rocks, grin from beneath volumes of snow, and the few stunted, black looking pines that dot the banks here and there only tend to render the scene more desolate. No birds fly about to enliven the travellers; and the only sound that meets the ear, besides the low sighing of the cold, cold wind, is the crashing of the immense fields of ice as they meet and war in the eddies of opposing currents."

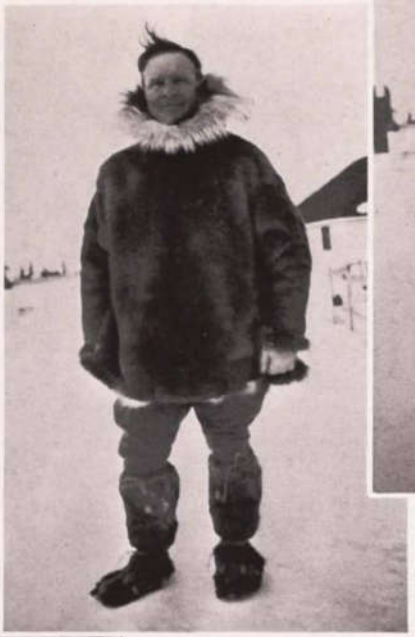
The Indians who frequented the post of Tadoussac were chiefly Montagnais, whom James McKenzie refers to as "the most wretched species of the human race." He describes the annual feast held there by these savages after the spring hunt, to which the clerk and the men of the post were always invited by the chief. Rum was liberally bestowed, but "the Clerk, or *Hogima*, is treated with all possible civility and respect, being seated in the centre of the tent on a chair, with a table covered with the choicest viands nicely cooked before him, with the chief on his right doing the honours of the table with Adam's knives and forks, while the pipe and bottle pass briskly around the circle, and convivial conversation begins to be pretty clamourous. As soon as decency will permit and the Canadian chief has regaled all his senses with the scene before him, he retires, honoured by a volley of firearms and the thanks of the company, expressed by a heavy groan all round."

The clerk, or the *bourgeois*, also had a small but unenviable share in the Montagnais marriages, for directly after the wedding ceremony took place in the little chapel beside the post (which remains the chief historical landmark of Tadoussac today) the happy couple would repair to the post house, where the gentleman in charge had to receive three kisses on his lips from each of the greasy newly-weds, in return for which he was obliged to give them a loaf of bread and a bottle of rum. These wretched savages would spend the winter in a half starved condition, wandering about [*Continued on Page 63*

TWENTY-FIVE PICTURES OF COMPANY NEWS



Edward Green, who wrote the "Cats" and propeller stories for us, visited us the other day and left this unidentified picture. We don't know whether it's food, fur or the Royal Mail which is being held up, but it's a good picture.



From C. A. Keefer, of the Company's fur trade post at Fort Smith on the Slave river, come these two pictures of, above, Andy Bahr, and in the centre, Dan Crowley. Andy Bahr, assisted by Dan Crowley, was in charge of the Government reindeer herd which has been brought to restock the lands to the east of the Mackenzie River delta. The trek began in in 1929 and ended this winter. The pictures were taken when Bahr and Crowley were coming out, their job completed. The Beaver, in four issues beginning March 1934, contained a story written by A. R. Evans around this 2000-mile trek with a herd of 3000 animals in charge of this sturdy Laplander, Andy Bahr. Their battles with wolves and the Arctic storms are some of the greatest stories which have ever come out of the North.

Factor W. M. Conn, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, who in April this year completed his twenty-fourth year in the Company's service. Mr. Conn is at present on leave in Europe, his first trip home since 1911.

On the right: Flying Officer John Grierson of the Royal Air Force, at the Company's post at Fort George, on James Bay, where he refuelled during his flight from England to Ottawa via Greenland and Baffin Land last year. He also stopped at the Company's Lake Harbour and Povungnetuk posts and afterwards, in the Times, thanked the Company's officers for help received at the posts.

The pictures on this page were taken by J. W. Anderson, manager of the Company's James Bay district of the Fur Trade, and show travel in his district. The winter pictures were taken during an inspection tour from Moose Factory to Weenusk on the Hudson Bay coast and return last winter. Top, left: An Indian camp scene at Pike River Cape Henrietta Maria. The Indians, with Father Beaudet who travelled with Mr Anderson, are outside their winter wigwam. Some of them are wearing rabbit skins. Top, right: Halting for the midday meal on the way to Weenusk. Centre, left: On the sea ice with 3 bales of fur from Attawapiskat. Right, The district manager's team leaving Pike River camp. Below, left: A halt for lunch. Father Beaudet in front; and, lower right, in contrast, summer travel through Cabbage Willows between Hannah Bay and Rupert Bay. Here they are damming the creek to get enough water to navigate the canoe.

A PAGE OF POSTS

Above: Summer and winter views of Fort Smith on the Slave river taken by C. A. Keefer of the post. The post was established in 1870 and named after Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona. The buildings, though modern, are grouped about a square in the old manner and the gaps between buildings enclosed by a fence instead of the old formidable stockade. Below, right: Pas Mountain post, Saskatchewan district, on the Carrot river. This post was also established in 1870. Below, left: Dundas Harbour, Devon Island, the most northerly post, established 1934, 500 miles inside the Arctic Circle.

On the right: Another northern post, Pond's Inlet, on the northern tip of Baffin Land. The post was erected in 1921 under the supervision of the present Fur Trade Commissioner, Chief Factor Ralph Parsons, while he was manager of that district. The R.C.M.P. are also established here, as may be seen by the initials picked out in rock on the hill side.

Below top: Dease Lake post in the Cassiar district of B.C. The post was established in 1838 by Robert Campbell, who discovered that the Pelly and Yukon were one and the same river, and who discovered the head waters of the Stikine. The original post was at the other end of the lake, but was moved recently to its present site. This photograph was taken by Mrs. W. G. Crisp, wife of our Kitwanga post manager. Centre: An unpretentious building but bearer of a fine name, Fort George on James Bay. The original post was erected about 1800, but the site has been changed many times since.

E. M. Picaude, manager Bersimis post, with his wife. This was one of the King's Posts.

This page is devoted to the St. Lawrence-Ungava district, of which George Watson is manager. One of the interests of the district is a cod fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the cod going to the southern European and South American markets. Reading down on the right are: (1) Bunting a cod trap at Blanc Sablon; (2) the haul is good, 60 quintals; (3) the fish ready for the dressing tables; and (4) a spread of 100 quintals drying.

A future dog-driver, Benny Haight, of Oskelaneo post.

Indian children dressed in rabbit skin parkas at Chibougamou. The lady's Indian name is Couchee (English, "the louse").

The Unsolved Death of Thomas Simpson Explorer

By JOHN A. STEVENSON
Chief Correspondent in Canada of the Times, London

Thomas Simpson

After Three Years of Arctic Exploration for the Company, Thomas Simpson Died in a Mysterious Shooting and Never Knew of the Honours Conferred Upon Him by the Queen.

IN the annals of Arctic exploration there have been few more interesting and attractive figures than Thomas Simpson, a native of Ross-shire in Scotland, who was for rather less than a dozen years a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company until his untimely death at the hands of half-breed assassins in the Red River valley in 1840. His fame has been obscured by the greater and longer saga of the exploits of his cousin, Sir George Simpson, but during his comparatively brief career he performed some remarkable feats of exploration and won immortal fame by his discoveries on the Canadian Arctic coast line.

Dingwall, a town in the Highlands of Scotland, was the scene of his birth on July 2, 1808, but he was of Lowland stocks, his parents being both natives of Aberdeenshire, and in his veins there ran, by a left handed channel, the blood of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the ablest and finest character produced by Scotland in the first half of the eighteenth century, and the man who, as lord advocate, did more than anybody else to defeat the Jacobite rebellion of 1745 and frustrate this last calamitous attempt to restore the Stuart dynasty.

Alexander Simpson, the father of Thomas, by his second marriage to a namesake, Mary Simpson, was the parish schoolmaster, a man of light and leading in his community and a zealous Whig reformer. But he died young in 1821, when Thomas was only thirteen, and left his widow and two sons scantily provided for. Thomas Simpson was a delicate child with a tendency to tuberculosis, which prevented him from sharing much in the rough sports of his boyish companions and made him a docile studious lad always at his books. He got his early education at the village school, where he acquired some Latin and a good grounding in other subjects. He came to be known in Dingwall as "a lad of pairts," and the decision was reached in the family circle that he should be trained for the ministry. So with this end in view he entered King's College in Aberdeen in the autumn of 1824 with the aid of a small bursary. At this seat of learning he spent four years, and he testified to its excellence as an educational institution in a memorandum which he compiled in 1829 for the benefit of a friend who wanted information to assist in a decision about the education of a younger brother. He lived on a very modest scale, and the careful record of his expenses which he kept shows that they amounted in successive years to £28 9 4, £25 1 6 and £28 2 3. He was a very diligent student, and university life not only stimulated his mental powers but wrought an immense improvement in his health and spirits. At classics he did not distinguish himself, but in mathematics, which he took during the second session, he outstripped all his class. He also played a prominent part in the debating society of the college and, although his name betokened Lowland descent, he was the recognized leader of the Highland party of his class. In his last two years he was the best student of his year in physical sciences and ranked high in the metaphysics class, and he crowned his university career in the spring of 1828 by winning the "Huttonian" prize, which was awarded for the greatest all round proficiency in the branches of study comprising the college curriculum. At the same time he secured the degree of "Master of Arts" and was ready to face the world and earn a living.

By this time he had abandoned the idea of entering the church because, as he explained in a letter, he had developed a diffidence about his own religious qualifications and because he had a very imperfect command of Gaelic, a deficiency which left him little prospect of obtaining a charge in the only

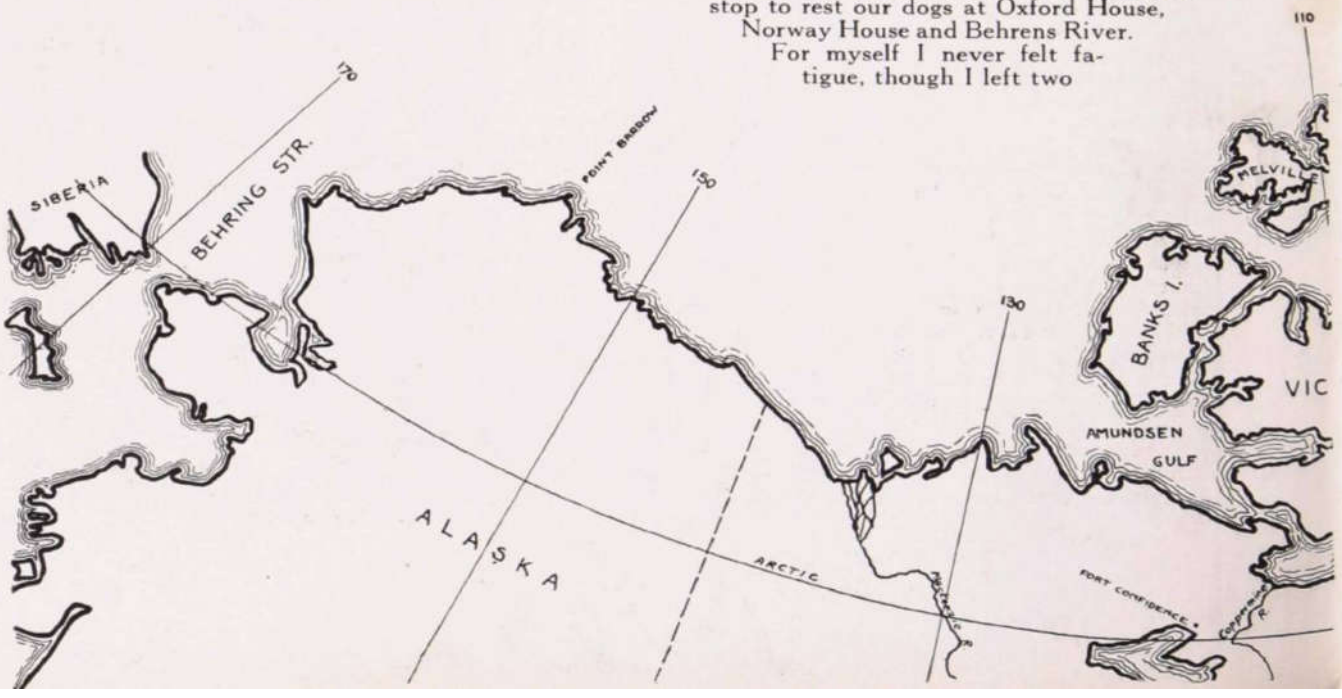
district where he had any influential friends. He toyed with the idea of becoming a doctor, but the medical course was much too expensive for the family purse. However, he had in reserve the possibility of an alternative career which he had rejected some years before. George Simpson, who had recently before become local Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, was the illegitimate son of Thomas Simpson's uncle and was deeply in debt to Thomas's mother for his early education. Moreover she had persuaded her brother, who was engaged in the West Indian trade in London, to take the boy into his office, and there, by his cleverness and plausibility and high spirits, he had attracted the notice of Mr. Andrew Colvile, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Selkirk, who had sent him out to America. There he revealed such administrative capacity and business ability that he rose rapidly and in 1821 was appointed resident governor in North America. In 1825, during a visit to Britain, he had come to see his aunt in Dingwall and had been so struck by the abilities and general character of his cousin Thomas, who had just completed his first year at Aberdeen, that he earnestly pressed him to go to America as his secretary.

Thomas, however, declined the offer, but his half-brother Aemilius went out in 1826 as superintendent of the Hudson's Bay Company's marine department on the Pacific coast, and his full brother Alexander followed later. So he had three relatives in North America when the Governor sent him a fresh invitation to join his staff in 1828, and he accepted it. He left Ross-shire in January 1829 and, after spending some weeks in Aberdeen, where he attended divinity classes on the advice of a friend, the Rev. Roderick Mackenzie of Knockbain, who suggested that it would be wise to do so in case he found life in Canada uncongenial and wanted to return to Scotland and qualify for the ministry, and then, paying a visit to London, he sailed from Liverpool for New York on March 3, 1829.

He arrived at Lachine, near Montreal, which was the Company's headquarters in Eastern Canada, where he found his brother Alexander to their mutual delight. But he only spent five days there, as he was ordered to leave on April 30 with the annual spring party bound for the Northwest Territories. His first westward trip was not a pleasant experience, for the three officers of the Company who travelled with him were reckless, intemperate men and indulged in frequent sprees on the journey. On June 18, however, he arrived at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg, where Governor Simpson was, and he at once took up the duties of secretary and amanuensis for his kinsman. He accompanied him on a tour through the southeastern part of the Company's territory, and at the end of August was back at Lachine.

In the spring of 1830 he was entrusted with the leadership of the first western brigade and conducted his party, which was nearly a hundred strong, to the head of Lake Superior with expedition and had less loss by desertion than usual. There he handed it over to another and joined Governor Simpson, who had just brought back an eighteen year old Scotch bride, Frances Simpson (a cousin of Thomas), and other officers of the Company, who were travelling in light canoes. Making good time along the inland waterways, they reached York Factory on Hudson Bay on June 27th, and Simpson, who found it a very disagreeable place on account of the mosquitoes in summer and the harsh winter climate, was stationed there until February 1831. On the tenth of that month he got his first experience of winter travel in Canada through a journey of seven hundred miles which he had to make on snowshoes to the Red River. He had two dog teams with him, but never used the sleighs which they drew. In a letter to his brother Alexander, he thus described the journey:

"We travelled as fast as the dogs could follow, which for the greater part of the way was about thirty miles per day; the last two hundred miles I accomplished in five days; my longest day on snowshoes was fifty miles. The whole distance is about seven hundred miles, which occupied twenty days marching besides six days we were obliged to stop to rest our dogs at Oxford House, Norway House and Behrens River. For myself I never felt fatigue, though I left two



of my men companions completely knocked up on the way, besides taking fresh Indians at Norway House.

"Winter travelling is a most healthy and strengthening exercise and gives one a most voracious appetite. 'Good digestion waits on appetite and health on both' and in your chamber dug into the snow, a fence of brushwood on three sides, a huge fire made of whole trees on the fourth; your bed a litter of pine branches spread on the frozen soil; your bedding a blanket and (sometimes) a skin—the starry heavens your canopy—more sound and refreshing sleep is enjoyed than waits upon many a one sunk in cushions of down and curtained with silk."

At the Red River he remained five years, during which he was the active manager of the business of the little colony which Lord Selkirk had planted there twenty years before. "My occupations," he wrote, "have been very various; secretary, clerk, storeman, surveyor, etc."

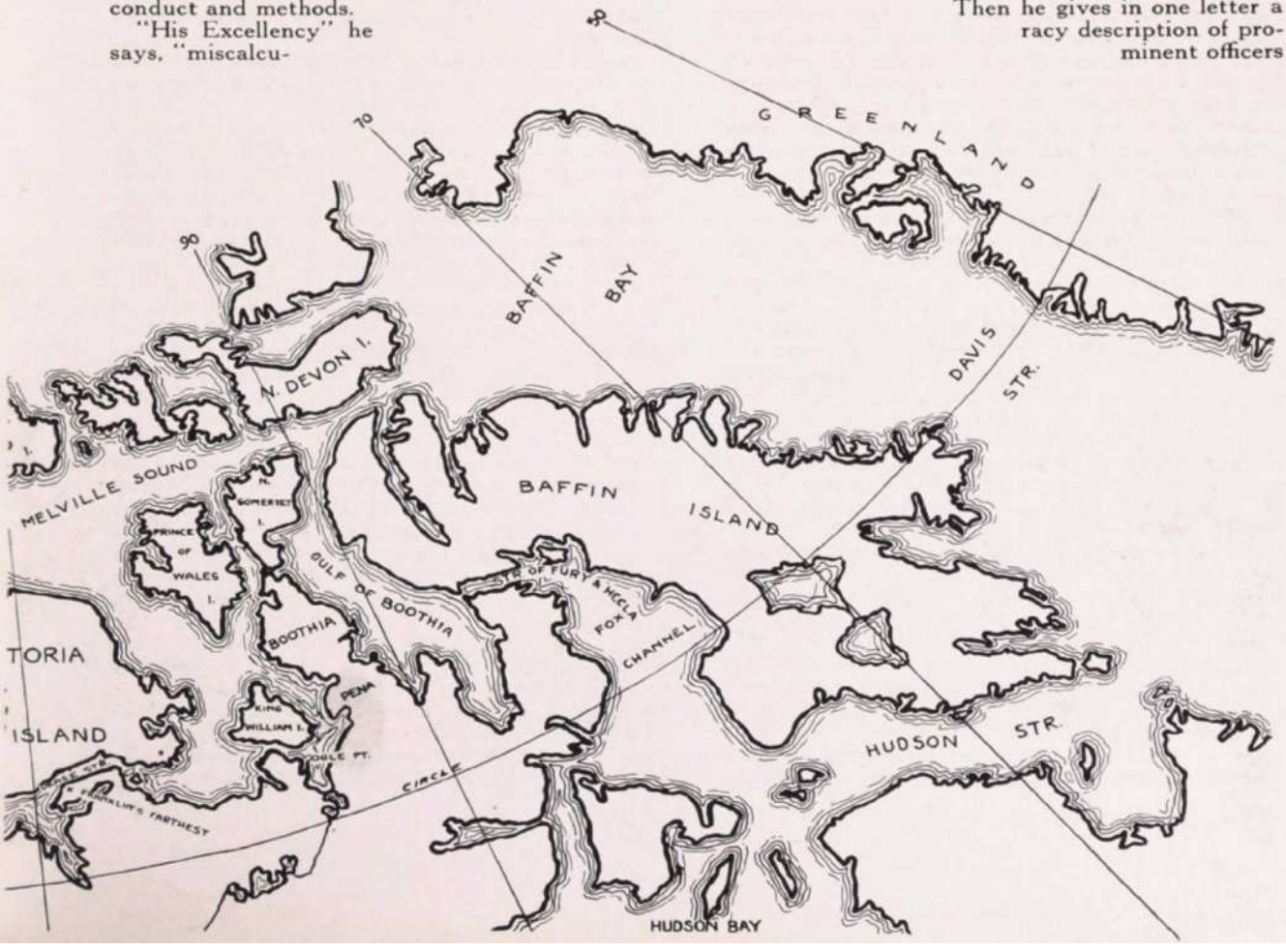
Every year, moreover, he made a trip to York Factory which occupied four or five months and provided a diversion in the monotony of existence in the isolated little settlement. His letters written at this time give a vivid picture of life in the colony, which, by his account, had many of the features of a rural Arcadia. Equally interesting are the pen pictures which he draws of Governor Simpson and other high officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. For his kinsman he has little liking and passes very severe strictures upon his conduct and methods.

"His Excellency" he says, "miscalculates when he expects to get more out of people by sheer driving; it only puts everyone in an ill humour. . . . . Yes, manner, as the Governor has often told me, is half—more than half the battle; but in that which he has so much vaunted he ought himself to have set the example. By assuming a harsh manner towards me, he should have known—he who lays claim to so much tact and knowledge of human nature—that the necessary effect on a young and generous mind would be a reciprocal repulsiveness, perhaps hatred; but I know his real sentiments and forgive his apparent, though unnecessary unkindness.

"I will not conceal from you that, on a nearer view of his character than I before had, I lost much of that internal respect I entertained towards him. His firmness and decision of mind are much impared: both in great and small matters he has become wavering, capricious and changeable; in household affairs (for he is his own butler and housekeeper) the very cook says openly that he is like a weathercock. He has grown painfully nervous and crabbed, and is guilty of many little meannesses at the table which are quite beneath a gentleman and, I might add, are indicative of his birth."

He further complains that during his last stay at the Red River the Governor was "very much under the influence of the clergy" and "was at the beck of every beggarly long-winded Scot who came with a pitiful story to ask a pound of tea or tobacco."

Then he gives in one letter a racy description of prominent officers



of the Company who had either been stationed at the Red River or visited it during his sojourn. Cameron, "Our senior factor (in the absence of that silly drone, C. Robertson), an excellent and upright Canadian Highlander;" Rowand, who was chief factor on the Saskatchewan, "is an English-Canadian—a generous, warm-hearted man, brave as a lion, fiery as gunpowder and the most skilful Indian trader we have;" Mackenzie is a "well meaning, warm-hearted but passionate and crabbed old Highlander;" Todd is "a dry but good jovial Irishman;" Miles, a chief trader, is "a good-hearted Englishman, very able at this desk but eternally grumbling and with a judgment no deeper than his inkstand." His favourite companion, however, is "Mr. Hargrave, who manages the stores—a good, able, deep thinking and deeply read Scotchman from the banks of the Tweed." And he has a good word to say for all the three resident senior clerks, and particularly for the future Sir James Douglas, whom Simpson characterizes as "an honourable, determined fellow, much liked."

On the last day of 1834 Alexander Simpson arrived at the Red River from Moose Factory, and the two brothers, who were devoted friends, had an enjoyable reunion. Thomas was particularly delighted to see his brother because two days previously he had been involved in a very unpleasant fracas. Serious friction had developed between the half-breed population of the settlement, which had been growing steadily, and the whites and some of the younger half-breeds had become very mutinous and insolent. One day a youthful half-breed when he was half drunk had entered Thomas Simpson's office and demanded a further advance on his pay account, which was already overdrawn. Simpson, who knew him well, having had him as a servant on some expedition, refused to give him more money, and when the half-breed became impudent ordered him out of the office. He refused to go, and when Simpson proceeded to eject him he resisted and got the worst of the scuffle which ensued, coming off with a black eye and bloody nose.

When news of the affray spread abroad, the half-breed community treated it as a class affront and became very excited. Their leaders interviewed George Simpson, who happened to be on the spot, and demanded that his relative be publicly flogged in punishment for his offence. The Governor apparently temporized with them, and when they became more menacing in their attitude he tried to pacify them by giving them a barrel of rum and some money, and by promising to remove Thomas Simpson from the settlement. The latter was highly indignant at this bargain, and threatened to resign if the Governor carried out his promise to the half-breeds. So for ten days the two brothers slept together with arms by their sides and their door barricaded, expecting to be attacked by the angry half-breeds.

Nothing happened however, and on Jan. 11, 1835, Alexander Simpson parted from his brother, whom he was never destined to meet again, and set out on snowshoes for his long trek back to Moose Factory. The half-breeds quieted down, but they kept in their hearts bitter resentment against Thomas Simpson, and to this hostility his brother always attributed his brother's death six years later. Thomas Simpson stayed on at the Red River, and before the year 1835 ended he was entrusted with the mission which gave him an honoured place in the annals of Arctic exploration.

After the British conquest of Canada in 1759, the western wilderness known as "the Indian country" was neglected for some years, but adventurous Britons took up the work of exploration, and in 1771 Samuel Hearne, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, had the distinction of being the first European to reach the shores of the Arctic ocean. His first two attempts to reach it miscarried, but the third was successful, and in July 1771 he arrived at the mouth of the Coppermine river and gazed upon the icy waters of the Arctic. But the Hudson's Bay Company did not in those days encourage its servants to penetrate far inland, and it was left to the servants of its great rival, the North-West Company, who were keen upon extending their sphere of trading influence, to do most of the work of exploration in the last two decades of the eighteenth century. Of these the most famous was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who in 1789 followed the course of the river which bears his name to its mouth and some years later successfully crossed the Rockies to the Pacific ocean, a feat never before accomplished. Mackenzie, when he descended the great river in 1789, had expected to reach the Pacific ocean, and, after he discovered the latter by using another route, the quest for the passage between the Arctic and the Pacific, which geographers said must exist, became the next goal of explorers.

In 1819 the British government took a hand in the game and organized a joint land and sea expedition to survey the northern coast of North America; the land party was under the command of Lieutenant (later Sir John) Franklin and the marine force under Lieutenant (later Sir Edward) Barry. This expedition was only partially successful, and half of Franklin's party of twenty lost their lives, but it managed to explore one hundred and seventy miles of the coast line of the Arctic.

Franklin undertook another expedition in 1824 and got to within one hundred and sixty miles of Point Barrow in northern Alaska. And between the years 1829 and 1832 another expedition under Sir John Ross added greatly to the knowledge of the Arctic ocean without discovering the secret of what had now come to be known as the Northwest Passage. Anxiety about Ross's protracted absence induced the British government to contribute to the expenses of a rescue expedition which was headed by Captain (later Sir George) Back, who had been one of Franklin's companions, and in 1836 Back conducted another exploration in H.M.S. *Terror*.

The aggregate result of these expeditions was that from a point one hundred and eighty miles east of the mouth of the Coppermine river the coast line of the Arctic had been traced and explored to a point three hundred and forty miles west of the mouth of the Mackenzie and one hundred and sixty miles east of Point Barrow, north-east of the Behring Straits.

The British government was anxious that the gap between the westerly limit of [*Continued on Page 63*

Survey engineers from the Geodetic Survey of Canada stranded on the mud flats off York Factory at low tide. One of the members of the party enjoys a sleep three miles from shore.

The Coast Line and Islands of Hudson Bay

By NOEL J. OGILVIE
International Boundary Commissioner, Director
Geodetic Survey of Canada

A Description of the Survey Work Done by the Geodetic Survey of Canada on the Shores of Hudson Bay and Attendant Difficulties of Ice, Wind and Extensive Shoals.

FOR over three hundred years the dauntless spirit of Henry Hudson has survived the icy gales of the northern sea which bears his name. A long line of successors—ship captains, fur traders and adventurers imbued with the same determination, the same zeal for discovery—have added little by little to the geographical knowledge and general information pertaining to the Hudson Bay area.

In recent years the Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, has carried on considerable precise astronomical work on the western coast in connection with the establishment of interprovincial boundary terminals and the charting of the coastal waters adjacent to the new port at Churchill.

In 1929-1931 a section of coast line of about one hundred and thirty miles in extent, constituting the approach to Port Churchill, was mapped and the adjacent waters charted. The control survey consisted of fourth order triangulation joining four precise astronomical stations established at intervals along the coast by the Geodetic Survey of Canada. As the nearest net of primary triangulation was at least six hundred miles from Churchill, it was impossible to base the local coast survey on the North American datum.

The boundary terminal work was interesting and unusual. Special mention may be made of the establishment in 1930 of the 89th meridian of longitude at the point where it intersects the western coast about one hundred and sixty miles southeast of Port Nelson. The northerly boundary terminal between the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba was defined by Act of Parliament in 1912 as the intersection of the 89th meridian of longitude with the western coast of Hudson Bay. Up to 1930 its position had not been determined with relation to adjacent topographical features, nor had any preliminary survey or temporary demarcation been previously undertaken.

The Geodetic Survey party entrusted with carrying out this undertaking was obliged to travel from the railway by canoe a distance of three hundred miles down the Nelson river and along the Hudson

A scene typifying the difficulties of navigation in Hudson Bay. The H.B.C. Fort Severn off Cape Churchill with supplies for York Factory meets an ice field and the inevitable fog.

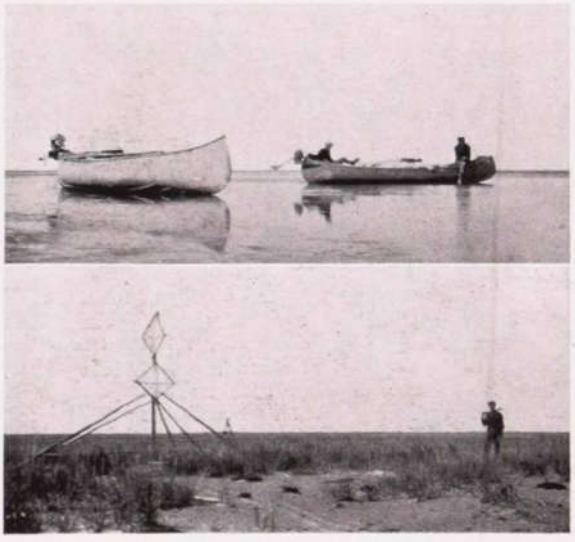
Bay coast. The coastal district, for a considerable distance on either side of the boundary terminal, is undeveloped territory, and as yet it is only occasionally frequented, except by hunters and Indian trappers. For transportation to this place, extra large freight canoes were used. Adequate capacity was required for the transportation of the heavy instrumental equipment, cement for concrete piers, camp equipment and food supplies, as well as for the personnel of the party.

As the canoes neared their objective in the course of the voyage, the geographical longitude became a matter of deep concern to the navigators. Due to the existence of shallow coastal water in that neighbourhood, the shore line could only be approached at high tide. The arrival of the party at the geographical position estimated by dead reckoning to be correct happened to coincide with the time of low tide. Accordingly the canoes were beached on the mud flats three miles from shore, and several hours were spent in waiting for the return of the water.

As the chief of the party stood gazing intently ashore, one of the Indian canoemen, who prided himself on the keenness of his vision, desired to know the object of his search. On being told that the probable position of the 89th meridian of longitude was under consideration, the Indian replied that he would go and look for it if its appearance was described to him.

The following day in a shore camp a preliminary observation for position with a small four-inch transit showed that the camp site was within a mile of the 89th meridian. This fortunate occurrence saved an additional move along the coast before commencing precise astronomical observations. A suitable site for an observation station

Top: Where the world looks flat. Geodetic survey canoes en route along the Hudson Bay coast stranded on the mud flats awaiting the incoming tide. Below: The Northern limit of Ontario. Geodetic survey wooden beacon erected over subsurface concrete pier marking the intersection of the 89th meridian of longitude with the west coast of Hudson Bay.



The Company's historic establishment of York Factory on the Hayes river. This photo, and that of the schooner meeting the ice, by W. E. Brown, manager HBC, Nelson River district.

was selected on a gravel ridge near the high water mark. A solid concrete pier, 12x12x60 inches, projecting thirty inches above the ground, was built to act as a base for the astronomical transit and also to effectively perpetuate the position of the point. Over the pier an observing tent was erected and all the instrumental equipment set up.

A broken axis type of astronomical transit, equipped with a travelling transit micrometer, was used for observing the stars. The master sidereal chronometer was kept in a well-padded and heat insulated box resting on the ground. The radio time signals were received by the aural vernier method, using an auxiliary chronometer rated to gain one second in fifty on mean time. Short wave radio was used exclusively, and both the Dominion observatory and the Washington time signals were regularly observed. The chronograph was of the portable weight driven type, which has proved very satisfactory in the field.

Four independent determinations of longitude were made on each of four different nights. About twenty-four stars were observed in each case, including five or six polars. For latitude, about thirty-five pairs of stars were observed by Talcott's method. The observations were, of course, reduced in the field and the position of the pier carefully determined from the mean of all the observations. The small corrections to the observed longitude, due to the errors in the transmission of time signals, were not known and could not be applied. A simple computation permitted the establishment of the exact position of the 89th meridian with relation to the observation pier. The meridian was then run a few hundred feet northward to intersect the shore line.

At the point of intersection, a concrete monument was built. This marker at the boundary terminal was about 12x12x48 inches and was sunk in

the ground almost flush with the surface. Above it a large wooden beacon was built. A bronze tablet bearing the name of the Geodetic Survey of Canada was embedded in the upper surface of both the observation pier and the boundary terminal monument.

By these methods the position of this important survey mark will be perpetuated on the ground indefinitely. In addition to the work of demarcation, a survey of the local topographical features was carried out in order to make possible the easy identification of the boundary terminal, either from the ground or from aircraft in flight along the coast.

Both James and Hudson bays contain a large number of scattered islands ranging in size from small reefs to islands of fifty miles in length. The majority of these islands are of so low an elevation that it makes their location difficult or impossible by triangulation methods because of a lack of intervisibility. In some cases groups of several islands may be connected by a small triangulation scheme based on a local astronomical datum. The Belcher Island group in Hudson Bay has already been surveyed by this method in conjunction with the use of aerial photography. In the majority of cases, however, each isolated island or reef requires the establishment of an astronomical station to determine its position.

Few people, even in Canada, have a correct conception of the general nature of the coast lines of James and Hudson bays. They may be classified roughly into two principal divisions. The east coast, from Cape Digges on the north to Rupert House at the south, may be characterized in general as an easily approachable rocky shore of considerable elevation, with adjacent waters of sufficient depth for the navigation of medium sized craft fairly close to shore. Many islands affording an abundance of shelter are to be found close inshore. The remaining section, extending along the south and west of James Bay and along the west of Hudson Bay as far as latitude 61°, may be described as involving great stretches of low swampy shores, immense mud flats and sand bars, extremely shallow water within two miles of the high water mark, dangerous shallow draught entrances to the only available harbours at the mouths of tributary rivers and a dearth of sheltering islands in the neighourhood of the shore.

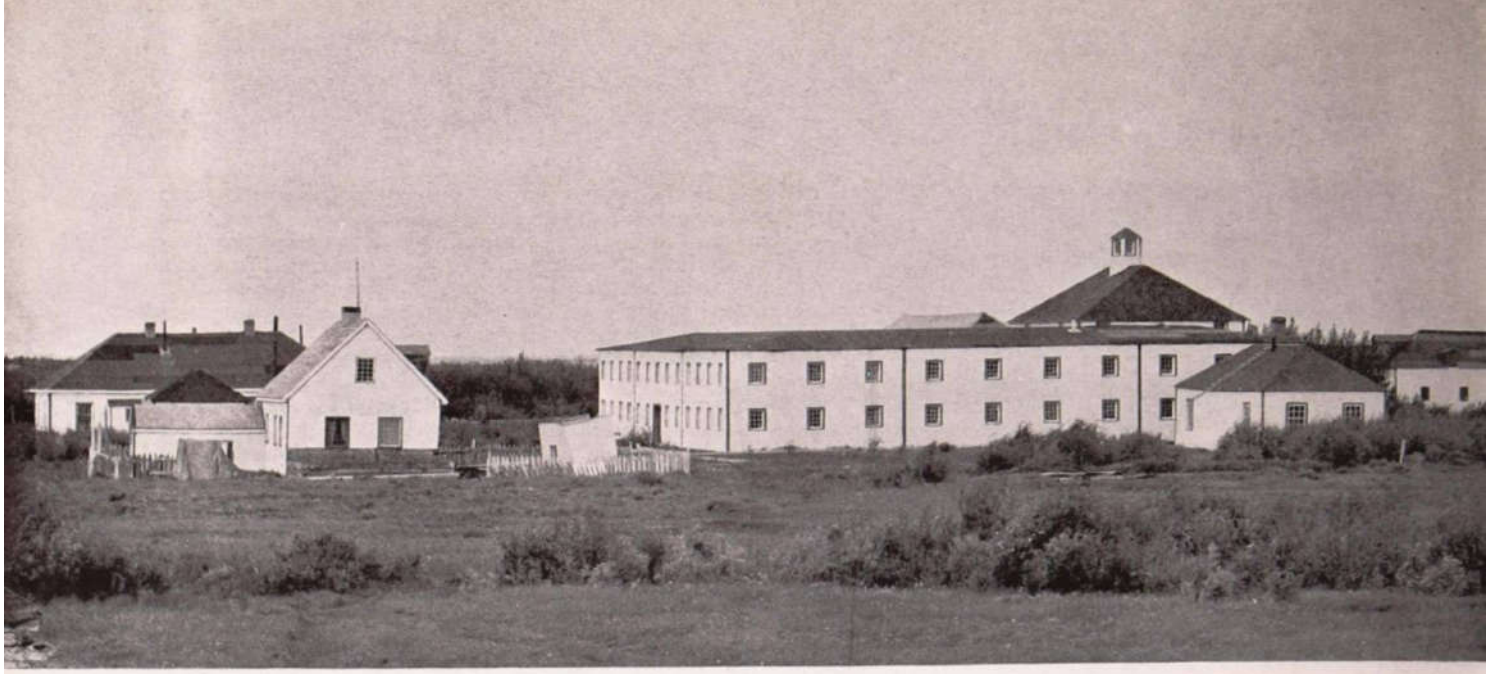
One marked exception must be noted—the section of coast in the immediate neighbourhood of the new port at Churchill. This section is marked by a rocky escarpment which rises one or two hundred feet above the sea. The waters adjacent to the coast at this point are of sufficient depth to permit ocean-going vessels to approach the shore. The entrance to Churchill harbour is deep and free of obstructions, giving ready access to one of the finest harbours in Canada. On the west side of the 15,000 foot entrance to Churchill harbour stand the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales.

Travel along the Hudson Bay coast is usually confined either to coastwise ships and power cruisers that keep fifteen or twenty miles off shore in voyaging from point to point, or else to the use of heavy freight canoes equipped with out-board engines. These canoes, of a special heavy construction developed by the Hudson's Bay Company, are from twenty to twenty-two feet in length, with a carrying capacity of from three-quarters to one and a half tons. Being extremely seaworthy and easily handled, they are well adapted for travel in this district.

Travel by canoe along the western coast is seldom monotonous or dull. It is recommended for the brave rather than the fair. In planning a trip, the condition of the coast and the stage of the tide must always be kept in mind. The tide, at low water, leaves bare to seaward in most sections from one to three miles of boulder strewn mud flats. The immediate shore line is, in general, no more than five or six feet above the high water mark. In other places it is less.

The day's journey is usually commenced by breaking camp at dead of night. The hour of high tide is zero hour; for only then is there sufficient water to float the canoes near shore. Heading straight out to sea, the heavy canoes are poled or paddled into relatively deep water from two to five miles off shore, where it is safe to start the motors. It is customary then to run on compass bearings paralleling the coast. By dawn the voyageurs are often well on their way. Even in daylight it may be impossible to [*Continued on Page 66*

The Northern limit of Manitoba. Geodetic survey monument marking the intersection of the 60th parallel of latitude with the west coast of Hudson Bay above Churchill.



By Canoe to the Bay—and Back

By WALLACE W. KIRKLAND

Ten American Prep-School and College Youths, Mostly Very Young, with a Guide, Make a Strenuous Trip from Norway House to York Factory and Return.

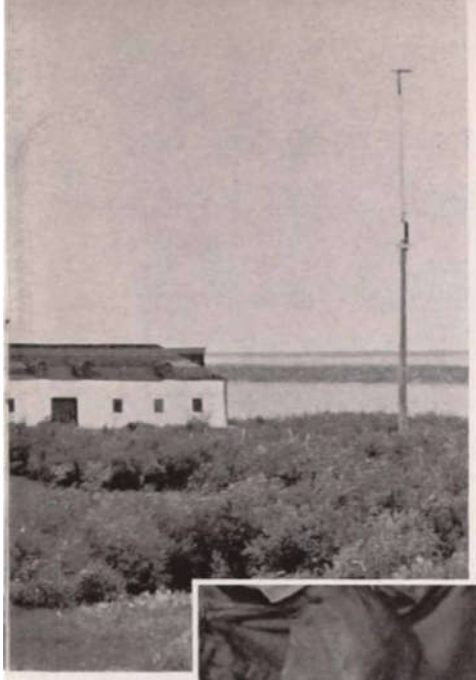
SHADES of former York boatmen loitering around the old York boat which lay rotting in the rushes at Norway House must have chuckled with ghostly glee that day last June when our party disembarked from the tug *Chickama*, and announced our intention of paddling to York Factory on Hudson Bay for a summer holiday. They must have prodded each other in spectral ribs as they sized up the members of our group, ten in number, prep-school and college youths, all with the pallor of city life still upon us, a pallor almost as bloodless as that of the phantom audience.

We had come by train from Chicago, been outfitted by the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, made the trip up Lake Winnipeg on the *S.S. Keenora*, and then been brought from Warren's Landing to Norway House by the *Chickama*.

There must have been many a ghostly smirk of derision at the elaborateness of our equipment. Disembodied spirits of men who a hundred years ago had started from this very spot for a trip to the Bay, with no more equipment than a blanket, a tea pail, a fish net and a frying pan, must have rocked in spectral mirth at our air mattresses, flash lights, radio sets, cameras, light meters, fishing tackle and aluminum cooking utensils. As our list of supplies was checked over and loaded into the canoes there must have been many an item strange to the phantom audience. Our bacon, three hundred pounds of it, encased in gelatine to keep it from moulding, must have created some discussion. The fifty pounds of powdered milk, dehydrated onions and potatoes must also have caused comment. A hundred pounds of butter, and a hundred and fifty pounds of jam must have seemed silly luxuries to the spirits of those hardy old boatmen whose ration list included very little else than pork, flour, tobacco and tea.

There must have been many a ghostly wager made as to the probable outcome of our expedition. Memories of past trips in the spring of the year with the rivers in flood from the melted snow, dangerous waterfalls hidden around innocent bends, miles of white foaming water with jagged rocks inches below the surface, all of these must have made high the odds against us in the ghostly betting.

The fears and apprehensions of the shades of the York boatmen must have been passed on to the living, because none of the Indians at Norway



Top left: The Company Buildings at York Factory on Hudson Bay, the turning point of the expedition. Top right: A halt below Sherman Falls and a chat with Carl Sherman. Centre: Fixing one of the native made spruce oarlocks used on the canoes. Similar oarlocks can be seen on the canoe at the left above. Below: White Mud Falls on the Nelson River, south of Cross Lake, with 250,000 potential h.p. too far from civilization to be utilized.

House wanted to go along as our guide. Weeks before our arrival Mr. George Collins, manager of the Hudson's Bay post, had arranged with Moses Gore, a famous old Indian guide, to go with us. But Moses had not appeared. The excuse he sent was that he had to accompany the treaty party on their annual round of the inland reservations. He had started for Norway House with all intentions of being our guide, but, after one look at our party as he approached the dock in his canoe, had decided that the money earned by two weeks of work with the treaty party, with the assurance of returning to his home intact, would be far better than the larger amount from two months of guiding a wild bunch of greenhorns to Hudson Bay with the prospect of scattering his sacred remains among the rocks and eddies below one of the numerous rapids.

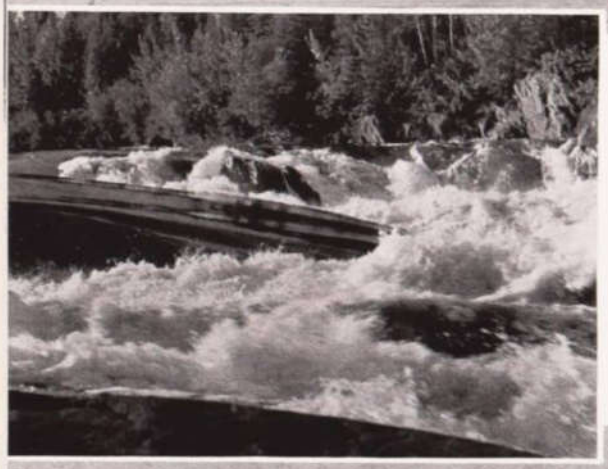
It may have been intuition; it may have been the whisper of a ghostly warning; it may have been the man's own wisdom—"as wise as Moses"—whatever it was, Moses refused to go, and there was only one other available Indian at Norway House who had made the trip to York Factory. This was Jim Begg, and he was already engaged to take a mining engineer into the woods northeast of Oxford Lake.

Mr. Collins went into conference with Jim. At first he refused point blank. But after much persuading, and after we had promised that his judgment would be supreme, and that no member of the party would attempt to run any rapid against his advice, he agreed to meet us at Robinson lake after he had taken the engineer to his destination.

So we left Norway House without a guide but with airplane maps of the first part of the journey, and these were easy to follow. We had four canoes of the freighter type, seventeen feet long. They were too big to be handled by paddles alone, so one boy sat in the middle and rowed, while one paddled stern and another one bow.

Jim Begg

Left hand page, top: Rock Rapids on the Nelson. Centre: Little Limestone Rapids just below steel on the Nelson. Below: The H B C post at Beren's River on Lake Winnipeg. Right hand page, top right: Examining a white whale at Port Nelson. Centre: At the end of Painted Stone portage. Below: Norway House, the H B C establishment at the head of Lake Winnipeg, where the canoe expedition began and where it ended.



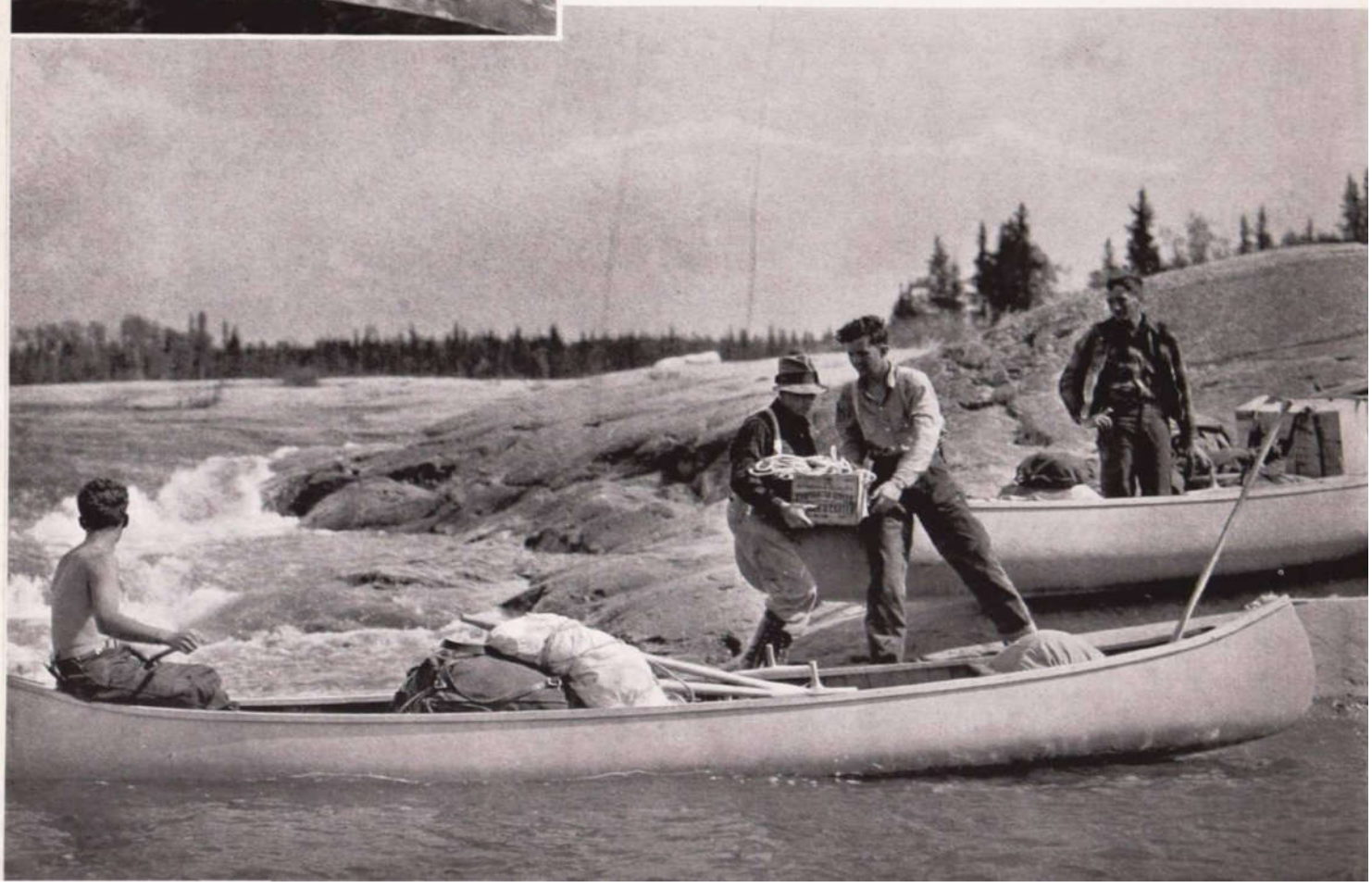
Top: The boys at Norway House post on their return, with R. A. Talbot, H B C district manager, holding camera, and G. C. M. Collins, manager of the post. Centre: Sherman Falls. Below: Initiation—the beginning of the first portage of the trip at Sea River Falls.

The oars were Indian made of spruce, and the oarlocks were formed from a section of the trunk of a spruce tree to which had been left about four inches of a limb. This slab of trunk was screwed to the gunwale, and the oar fitted into the crotch made by the angle of the limb where it joined the trunk.

Although very crude in appearance, this type of oarlock proved satisfactory. And when one broke, or wore away from usage, with an axe it could easily be replaced from any convenient spruce tree.

The handles of the oars were whittled down to fit their owner's hands, and each pair took on a personality of their own. The rower soon became acquainted with every bump and ridge on the pair of oars he was handling. As one sat rowing for hours at a stretch, day after day, he became very much attached to them. They soon became a part of himself, an extension of his own arms.

There were at first, of course, the blisters. Some developed after the first hour of rowing, some after the first day; but they



soon gave way to callouses. And once the hands were hardened the rowing became a vigorous sort of pleasure. In the beginning the oars wore into the palms of our hands, but later our hands began to wear away the handles of the oars, and had the trip lasted much longer, we should have been obliged to get new oars.

It was June 30th when we left Norway House. We went down the Nelson to the High Rock; then up the Echimamish, over the height of land at the Painted Stone portage; then down the Hayes, the Hungry, the God's and Shamattawa rivers to York Factory. We returned by way of the Nelson to the Hudson Bay railroad at Mile 352, then went by train to Mile 185. There we put into Landing Lake, passed through Sipiwesk and Cross lakes, then back up the Nelson to Norway House, arriving there on August 13. The round trip took us forty-four days.

Among the outstanding events of the trip the first night takes its place. It was mid-afternoon when we pulled away from Norway House, and we camped early to get our equipment and ourselves organized. It had been threatening rain, and the rain beat us to the camp site, a wooded island at the upper end of Playgreen lake. The mosquitoes, too, got there ahead of us. They were more numerous than the rain drops, and much more annoying. It was June, and June "north of fifty-three" in a wet year. The moist conditions had been ideal for the incubation of all the mosquito eggs that had been laid. It was also the year of the Canadian quintuplets, and the mosquito birth-rate seemed to have been definitely affected by this greatly heralded event—perhaps affected by the billions of radio waves which had been filling the ether telling of the progress of the "famous five." And they were not passive mosquitoes either. They were fighters, every one of them. Their song was a battle cry, and they were urged on by a vicious mob psychology. And we were the victims—fresh, tender, white meat from the city; an offering from the gods; theirs for the taking. And how those mosquitoes took it!

Then and there we decided that on all future canoe cruises into the country "north of fifty-three" we would wait till the mosquitoes had had their day, laid their eggs, and departed to other hunting grounds.

Our first portage was around Sea River falls. It was just a lift-over, but, as we struggled with the heavy canoes and toted the bags and boxes of provisions, we got a taste of what lay ahead of us on the longer portages nearer God's lake.

There is one point about canoe cruising which has always been a problem to me. At the start of a long trip the members of the party are weak, their muscles are soft and the loads are heavy. As the trip progresses the crew become stronger, but food is consumed and the loads become lighter. By the end of the trip, when the fellows are strongest, there is nothing left to carry.

We got some excellent wall-eyed pike fishing in the fast water below Sea River falls, and that night had one of our favourite meals, fish chowder.

At the portage into Robinson lake, where we were to meet our guide, we were overtaken by a party of Hudson's Bay freighters packing over six tons of supplies to the post on God's lake. We spent the morning watching these men portage their stuff across the mile-long portage. The loads they carried made us feel like pikers. We thought our canoes heavy, and two of us laboured to get one of them across the portages. These canoes of the Indians were larger, they had been in use longer and were watersoaked. It took two men to get the boat up on the shoulders of the one who was to carry it; but once it was up he would start off at a dog trot, and keep this up to the end of the portage.

Many of these men were small, weighing not over a hundred and forty, yet the loads they carried were often two hundred pounds. And they went at the work ferociously. From the moment their canoe hit the shore till the last bundle, box or bale was across the portage, there was ceaseless activity. They tackled each piece as though it were an animate object, something they had to battle with. They reminded us of ants whose nest had been broken into rushing to safety, each carrying a large white larvae bigger than itself.

Jim Begg met us on schedule, and after he joined us the tempo of our travelling speeded up. The canoe he was in, whether he was rowing or steering, was always in the lead. On the sixteenth day after leaving Norway House we reached the Hudson's Bay post on God's lake narrows. As our canoes raced across the lake towards the white buildings, the Company flag was run up and waved us a friendly greeting. Mr. Barton, the manager of the post, and his wife came down to the dock to meet us, and soon we were in the store doing some trading. Not trading with furs for guns and knives, but with cans of butter for chocolate bars, cookies, and Indian moccasins.

In outfitting for the trip we had bought the customary ten-inch leather camping boot, the kind we had always used in the woods. But in this country we found everyone, white man and Indian, wearing moccasins over which were pulled a pair of ordinary rubbers. "When in Rome, wear what the Romans wear" is a pretty good rule to follow. People who spend all of their lives in a certain region know better than outsiders what is best to wear in that region. We found that our boots were slippery on the moss covered rocks; we often went over them in the muskeg on the portages; and they were heavy for the long stretches in the canoe. Moccasins with rubbers made surer footing; they were inexpensive, and one could carry two or three pairs in his pack. When they became wet he could change them as easily as he did socks, and in the canoe he could slip off the rubbers and his feet would be as comfortable as though they were in bedroom slippers.

Most of the portaging was done before reaching God's lake. When we crossed the lake the real river work of the trip began. There was over a hundred miles of rapids, and Jim, our guide, had never been down this river before. On his other trip to York Factory he had followed the old York boat route, which was by way of Oxford lake. We were fortunate to find a trapper on God's lake, Carl Sherman, whose trapping grounds were along God's river. He offered to go with us through the first

Top: The party at Cross Lake with J. Denton, H B C post manager, and his neice. Centre: Waiting for the tide on the endless sands of the Hayes river, and getting warmth from the fire during the twelve-hour wait. Below: Catching the evening meal and, opposite page, a close-up of the meal before cooking.

eighty miles of rapids in which were the most dangerous parts.

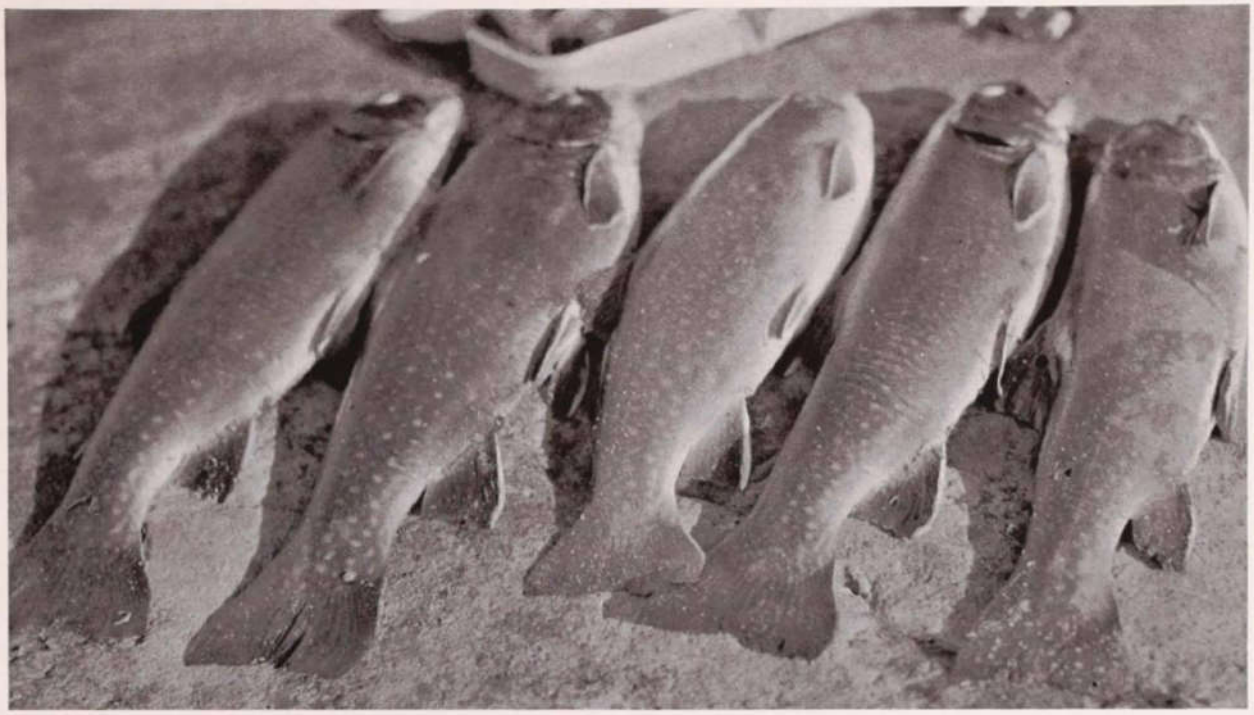
We stopped to "boil the kettle" at the falls where the river leaves the lake, and there we got our first glimpse of a rainbow trout. It was only a glimpse, however, because the boy who caught him let him slide through his fingers, and all the fish left was the memory of a brilliant orange coloured flash.

That night we camped above Trout Falls, and within half an hour had landed twenty of the beautiful fish. All the way down God's river we found them, even after it had connected with the Shamattawa river. And they were not particular as to bait. Uneducated in the ways of modern lures, they struck at anything shiny that moved. Most of them were caught on ordinary spoon hooks cast in the swift water below the falls.

We believe that no finer rainbow trout fishing exists anywhere in the north country than that found on the God's river.

The rapids were always a source of thrill and excitement. With expert canoemen leading the way, the other canoes following in single file, we negotiated all of them without a single mishap. There were many places where they couldn't be run. There we portaged or roped down. But most of them were navigable and, aided by the fast current of the rivers, we made excellent time. Late in the afternoon of July 26th, eight days after leaving God's lake, we arrived at York Factory.

And the arrival there was a big surprise. Our maps of that section were twelve miles to the inch, and it was difficult to tell with so small a scale just where we were at any particular time. The map showed the junction of the Hayes with the Shamattawa to be sixty miles above the Bay. We kept looking for this as a point of orientation. According to the map, the Hayes was shown as a much larger river than the



one we were travelling on; so when on the afternoon of the 25th we passed a river half its size, we didn't think it was the Hayes. We were still looking for it when we rounded a point and saw the flag pole of the Hudson's Bay post at York Factory.

There were hundreds of Indians there getting supplies for their winter trapping. As our four canoes came down the river, they ran along the bank far above pointing and shouting. When we reached the landing they were all there, and they made quite a sizable reception committee.

Mr. Moore, the post manager, was there too, and he offered us the use of a store room for our equipment, and one of the houses for ourselves. He also invited us to supper in his own quarters; and another surprise awaited us when we sat down. On the table among the cookies, eggs, and other delicacies, which Mr. Moore knew from past experience would be welcomed by a party just out of the woods, was a bowl of oranges, sunkissed from California. And this was on a dining room table at York Factory on Hudson Bay!

The seemingly impossible was explained by the fact that the Company's schooner had just made its yearly trip to the post, and among its cargo of flour, bacon, sugar, jam, etc., it had brought a crate of oranges for the post manager. These were what he was sharing with us.

York Factory had been our goal. In all of our thinking our trip had ended there. We knew, of course, that when we had reached the Bay there would be the return journey, but we hadn't given it very much thought. The hovering ghosts of the ancient boatmen must have smiled once more at our naivete. They must have shuddered in the cold wind blowing from the Bay when they recalled the long swift stretches of river to be "tracked up." The shelves of the Company store, too, intimated that there might be work ahead of us. On one of them was a dozen coils of tracking line, a specially woven linen cord a hundred yards long. We purchased one for each canoe.

York Factory is situated on the bank of the Hayes river about five miles in from the Bay. A narrow strip of land separates this river from the Nelson. There is a sixteen foot tide on Hudson Bay, and to get up the Nelson from the Hayes by canoe, one has to go out into the Bay with the ebb tide, cross over to the Nelson and be carried up it with the incoming tide.

The problem was in knowing just when to leave York Factory to meet the new tide. We left at four-thirty in the morning and were half an hour too late. Before we had gotten far enough out to cross over, the tide changed and we were carried back up the Hayes, there to wait for twelve hours till the next change of tide. It was midnight before we rounded the point and made a landing on the Nelson river.

The tide carried us up stream about sixteen miles, but from there on till we reached the railroad, the current was too swift and we had to "track." This meant tying one end of the tracking line to a point a third of the way back on the canoe and walking along the shore and towing it. It was very much the way a mule tows a barge along a canal, but we were not as fortunate as the mule, because on the Nelson [*Continued on page 66*

LORD TWEEDSMUIR (JOHN BUCHAN)
CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE

Who attended a luncheon given by the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Company at the Savoy Hotel, on 25th April 1935, to meet the Canadian and Newfoundland Rhodes Scholars. Mr. Buchan's speech is reported on page 57.

Courtesy "CANADA'S WEEKLY," May 3, 1935.

The Eskimo Dogs of the Eastern Arctic

By S. HADWEN, D.V.Sc., F.R.S.C.

Ontario Research Foundation

The First of Two Articles on the Eskimo Dog by Dr. Hadwen, Parasitologist of the Ontario Research Foundation. Last Year Dr. Hadwen Was in the Eastern Arctic and Has Had Previous Experience with Dogs in the Western Arctic and in Alaska.

DURING the summer of 1934 it was my good fortune to be invited by the Dominion Department of Interior to accompany the Eastern Arctic patrol. Visits were paid to a number of trading posts in James Bay, Hudson Bay, Hudson Straits, and as far north as Craig Harbour in Ellesmere Island, which made it possible to study the condition of Eskimo dogs in various parts of this area.

This article is intended as complementary to a paper written in 1928 on the northern dogs of western Canada and Alaska. As was stated at that time Eskimo dogs, considered as a breed, are most valuable animals since they furnish the only means of land transportation in the Arctic regions. It is pointed out also that there is a great lack of uniformity throughout Canada in methods of driving and harnessing, differences in types of sleds, in feeding and other matters which are of importance to working dogs. Diseases and parasites vary from one part of the country to another, and studies hitherto made on these questions have been fragmentary and lacking in continuity. I wish to go on record, therefore, as suggesting that a young man of the right type and training be appointed by the government to make a study of working dogs and to experiment with them in order to demonstrate to both whites and natives useful improvements which have been tested out in the field.

In the pages which follow, pains have been taken to treat in an impartial way the points under discussion, always bearing in mind the risk there is in suggesting anything to upset some native habit which may appear unsound but which has generally been adopted through a long process of trial and error. Take, for instance, the fan-shaped hitch which undoubtedly causes loss in pulling power. One argument put forward in its favour is that if a bear is encountered the driver can cut the dogs loose very rapidly, whereas if they were hitched in the western fashion they could not be given their individual freedom so quickly. This advantage in the fan-shaped hitch may not be of much importance, but it serves to illustrate the point of this discussion. Certain facts and principles, such as sanitation, treatments for disease, mechanical laws, etc., apply in all countries, and these may be discussed and recommendations made with safety.

Although this article refers principally to dogs in the far North, many of the points apply to dog driving in Quebec and Ontario, where, if a census were taken, it would be found that a surprising number of dogs are used for work.

The Eskimo Dog—It is generally accepted that the Eskimo dog is descended from the wolf. The reasons for this belief are based principally on the fact that the eyes are set obliquely in the head and that the dog does not bark but howls like a wolf. When fighting occurs, it is of the snapping, wolfish type, and there is a definite herding or pack instinct in the breed.

Some years ago, following a study of these animals, it was believed that the Siberian dog should be introduced into the Canadian Arctic for use in rapid travel because these dogs are much swifter than the Eskimo. Now that the Eskimo has been observed in his own country, however, it is realized how impossible it would be to keep the two strains separate. Wherever the Eskimo dog comes into contact with the white man's dog, diseases and parasites are contracted and the animal suffers. On this account the writer would like to see a total embargo placed against the importation of foreign dogs into the North.

The Eskimo dog is not intended for speed. He is too squarely built, having a rather short neck and very little curve in his flank. He is generally submissive and has a great fear of the whip. In handling the old dogs which have been driven it will be noticed that they crouch and cringe when handled, but when they realize that they are being touched in a friendly way they are glad to be petted, and, generally speaking, are a playful breed of dogs.

The most primitive, and probably the best type to breed from, is the greyish white animal which has very much the colouration of the white bear. He has black eyes and nose, and the tips of some of his hairs are black. This type occurs in the western Arctic also, though it is not so large as the eastern form. In the writer's estimation the best proof that the Eskimo breed is a pure strain is shown in the great uniformity there is in conformation. Thirty mature dogs, representing the average sled dog of the eastern Arctic, were measured at five different stations. The differences in the various measurements are very slight, and it is believed that it would be impossible to get so much uniformity in any of the pure bred strains of dogs in civilized countries. In this regard the Eskimo dog resembles most wild animals which show great uniformity in size, if comparison is made between animals of the same sex and age.

The standard which follows and the table gives a general idea of the Eskimo dog. His good qualities and faults are enumerated.*

Standard for the Eskimo Dog—The standard set in 1928 for western Arctic dogs is still adhered to in the main. It is gratifying to find that there are but slight differences between the western and eastern dogs. Measurements of various parts of the animals are given which add more precision to the standard.

General Appearance—Of moderate size, strongly built, covered with thick fur.

Voice—Howls; does not bark.

Head—Wolf head.

Muzzle—Fairly pointed.

Lips—Tight to jaws.

Teeth—Good and level.

Eyes—Generally dark; placed obliquely in the head which gives the dog an untrustworthy appearance, though this is generally over-rated.

Ears—Small, erect, the ends rounded, covered with dense short hair.

Neck—Strong and arched.

Shoulders—Oblique.

Chest—Deep and long, well muscled.

Legs and Hindquarters—Must be solid and muscular and have good bone; the width of the thigh should be carried well down to the hock.

Feet—Nearly round, toes well arched; the hind feet a little longer than the front; pads close together and well furred between.

Tail—Hairy and thick, carried well over the back.

Coat—Dense, thick and erect; to the touch it must be hard and stiff like a brush; the undercoat must be thick.

Colour—Silver, grey, often a greyish white; black with light grey or buff markings on the chest and under parts; commonly a black mask on face, light spots over eyes; weight for dogs 70 to 100 pounds.

Scale of Points—General appearance, 20; head, 5; teeth, 5; body, 15; legs, 10; feet, 20; coat, 20; colour, 5; total, 100.

Faults—Head: square muzzle or loose lips.
Neck: Straight, not arched.
Body: Not symmetrical, ragged hips, loose loin, narrow chest.
Legs: Weak or cow-hocked.
Feet: Flat or open.
Coat: Poor or open.

*NOTE—The writer has suggested (1932) that, with circumpolar animals such as reindeer, sexual isolation and habitat play an important part in the development of local races. He also puts forward evidence to show that there is a proper size and weight for animals in a given locality.

Top: Two
Their hea
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o good strong old fashioned Eskimo dogs. nds are good and full of character and and shoulders are excellent. The skin of and eyelids is black and some of the w Black tips. This type of colouration them latitudes and resembles that of rs, foxes and other arctic animals. The of these dogs should be encouraged. Devils of the North—gaunt, fearless and but poorly built, hungry, starved dogs illing power. In spite of all this it is he most interesting dog pictures ever rom the North. Left page: A good strong g from Craig Harbour, Baffin Land. Right Siberian dogs photographed at Unalak- ka, 1921. Right: Wolf cross, Ruby, Alaska.

MEASUREMENTS OF DOGS IN EASTERN ARCTIC

Sex	Length	Girth	Shoulder	Hip	Stifle	Forearm	Tail	Width of Forehead Between Ears	Weight (Approx.)
	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Lbs.
Male	42	29	23	24	13	7	14	....	75
	42½	30	25	26	....	7¾	14	5½	75
	42½	30	25	26	13	7¾	12	5½	80
	40	30½	22	23	12	7	12	....	60
	44	30	24½	23	12	7	12½	....	70
	45	31	25	25	12½	7¼	12½	....	85
	44½	30½	25	26½	13	7	12	6	75
	41½	30½	25	25½	12¼	7⅜	13½	6	65
	48½	32½	28	28	14	8¼	15	6	95
	44	29	25	25	12½	7⅜	13½	5½	65
	51	33	26	27	12	9	16	5	75
	48	26½	24	24	12	8	13	5½	70
	49	30	25	25	12	7	15	6	80
	47	29	....	....	....	....	....	6	70
	41	29½	26	24	11½	7½	14	5	75
	41	30	22½	23	12½	8	14	6	....
	40	31	....	26	11½	7½	13	6	90
	45	29½	27	27	11½	7	13	4½	65
	46	33	27	27	14	8	13½	6	100
	44	31½	27	27	14	8½	14	6	100
Average	44	30	25	25	13	8	13	6	77
	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Lbs.
Female	41	29	23	23	12½	6¾	10	5	55
	39	23	23	23	9	6	11½	4¾	35
	42	26	24	24	11½	6½	13	5½	50
	38½	28	23½	24	11½	7½	13	5½	60
	42	26	21½	22½	11	7	12	5	75
	37	27½	22	23	10	7½	10	5	50
	38½	27	23	23	11	7½	12	5½	70
	40	30	....	....	11	7	11	5½	80
	42½	28	25	25	13	7	12½	....	75
Average	40	27	23	24	11	7	12	5	61

Foods and Feeding—In the eastern Arctic along Baffin Straits and northward the dogs subsist almost entirely on walrus, seal, and white whale meat. The method in vogue at most of the places visited is to store up meat during the spring and summer in large solid vats, where it undergoes considerable putrefaction. At some of the Hudson's Bay Company posts the practice is to cover the meat with seal oil, and this keeps down the maggots which would consume it in mild weather. Mr. A. Copland states that the maggots appear to be unable to attack meat under a layer of oil, but may be seen actively working on any portions which project above the liquid. Seal meat is, of course, often fed in the fresh state, but the fact remains that the dogs are given great quantities of tainted or half rotten meat. However, one must admit that they do not appear to suffer any ill effects, in fact they thrive on it. How to prevent all this putrefaction is a problem which has not yet been solved. The most obvious method of keeping the meat would be in ice houses, and the writer believes that some attempt should be made to alter the present

Top right: Dog power at Pond's Inlet on Baffin Land. Left top: Eye spots which are characteristic of the breed. Middle: Very fine old dog from Panguirtung, Baffin Land. Note enormous brush. Lower: A young dog from Craig Harbour, Baffin Land.

methods, even if the only apparent benefit is the lessening of smells and a reduction in the number of blow flies. The average feed for a team of fifteen dogs is a fifty-pound seal. Occasionally other foods are given, such as cornmeal, oatmeal and lard, and sometimes fish, but these foods are not fed regularly. The cereal in the above list to which strongest objection is raised is corn meal, as this is a starchy fattening food. It has been largely used by dog men in other parts of Canada, and in some districts rice is also fed. Rolled oats or oatmeal, though not ideal foods, are much better suited to dogs than either corn or rice.

Most of the dog men who were interviewed appear to believe in intermittent feeding of dogs. They think that a dog is not as active when he has been fed as he is in a hungry state. This idea is, in the writer's estimation, as old fashioned as the ideas which were once held about watering and feeding of race horses.

It appears to be a common practice to give food every second day on a trip, and to let the dogs starve for a day or two at the end of a journey. At several stops it was learned that the dogs were not being fed regularly, and that they were scavenging for a living. At one place it was said that the dogs were catching enough trout in a river to keep themselves, but it is only fair to state that they looked healthy and well. In one or two other places the dogs were thin and hungry looking. The writer's own opinion is that dogs should be fed once a day, and that a good rule to follow when a dog is idle is to give him half the amount of food he gets when at work. The food should be given after work is over for the day. Walrus meat is believed by the dog men to be the strongest food for dogs, and is thought superior to seal or white whale meat.

Care of Dogs—It is apparent that the Eskimo regards his dogs mainly as useful animals. He does not seem to take as much pride in his team as the Indian or trapper in the wooded areas, or else he would show it by ornamenting the harness and sled. Racing also appears to be little thought of, and some encouragement in this direction might be a good thing.

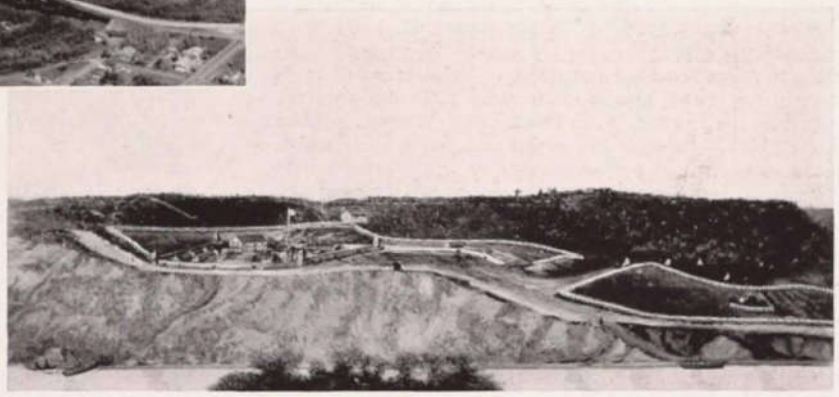
As regards the care of the dogs themselves, the thought of grooming them or preparing them for the winter's work does not appear to have been considered. When the animals are shedding their coats at least it would be beneficial to curry them a little. The dogs moult in August or September. A few preliminary runs with an increase in food would also be good before hard work starts. Perhaps in the case of the Eskimo this preparation is not so necessary if, as stated elsewhere, he drives in a more or less leisurely fashion from one camp to another, but on long arduous trips fitness and stamina are of importance.

Raising Puppies—It goes without saying that the best brood bitches should be selected for breeding purposes. The ideal way of raising puppies is as follows:

[*Continued on Page 66*

John Rowand Chief Factor

By
ROSS MITCHELL, M.D.
Winnipeg



Above: A Royal Canadian Air Force picture of modern Edmonton, showing the winding Northern Saskatchewan river, which was once a great fur trade route, and the Alberta Legislative Buildings, before which on the river bank stood Fort Edmonton. At the side: A painting of Fort Edmonton in 1867. It was an important post, for there York boats were built, pemmican made and a farm flourished.

Rowand, ex-Nor'wester, Was a Member of Sir George Simpson's First Council and Built "The Big House" at Fort Edmonton During His Thirty-One Years at That Post. He Accompanied Sir George on a Portion of His World Tour of 1841. It Was of Rowand That Father Lacombe Wrote," Ah! He Was a Grand Little Man."

WHEN George Simpson became Governor in 1821 of the new Hudson's Bay Company resulting from the union of the old Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, he faced a most difficult task. The virtual ruin of the fur trade brought about by the bitter struggle between the two rivals, the clash of personal interests, and his own comparative youth and inexperience of the country would have caused a less able, a less resolute and a less tactful man to throw up the position in despair. How he built up the trade and extended the interests of the Company, reconciled subordinates, and made his personal influence so felt that he became known as "The Emperor" are matters of history.

One of the reasons for his success was the loyal support given him by the twenty-five chief factors and twenty-eight chief traders chosen from both of the old companies who brought to his councils an unequalled knowledge of all things pertaining to trade in their own district. These fifty-three men formed a group who for fitness for the work in hand could not be surpassed. They included such men as Colin Robertson, the friend of the Red River colonists; Dr. John McLoughlin, "the father of Oregon;" John Stuart, who, as lieutenant of Simon Fraser, made the dangerous and difficult journey of exploration of the Fraser river from its source in Stuart's lake to a few miles from its entrance into the Pacific Ocean; Donald McKenzie and Alex-

ander Christie, both of whom became governors of Assiniboia; James Leith, who bequeathed £12,000 to be expended for the benefit of the Indian missions of Rupert's Land; William Connolly, the father-in-law of Sir James Douglas and Peter Warren Dease, who with Thomas Simpson headed an exploring party in 1837 which made valuable additions to the knowledge of the Arctic coast line.

Despite the eminence of these men, no member of his first council seems to have awakened warmer feelings in the heart of the Governor than John Rowand. Time and again Sir George Simpson speaks of Rowand in terms of deep affection, an affection inspired by a friendship of thirty-three years.

John Rowand was born in 1787, his father being "old" Dr. Rowand of Montreal to distinguish him from his grandson, Dr. Alexander Rowand of Quebec. Through the kindness of a member of the Rowand family, the writer has been able to peruse a manuscript volume of medical notes bearing on the fly-leaf the words, "John Rowand, 1781," and containing references to Professor Monro of Edinburgh. As a leading resident of Montreal it is not surprising that the doctor was able to secure a position for his son with the North-West Company about 1800. John McDonald of Garth, in his autobiography, mentions Rowand as his clerk in 1802. He served as a clerk at Fort des Prairies (Edmonton) in 1804. In 1806 he was a clerk in the lower Red River district, and in 1808 he was stationed at Edmonton House on a site within the present city of that name. In 1816 he was at Bas de la Riviere (Fort Alexander) at the mouth of the Winnipeg river. On the union of the North-West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company, Rowand was made a chief trader and appointed to the Saskatchewan Department.

In 1822-23 he was placed in charge of a hunting expedition to the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and during part of the time accompanied Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie, who was simultaneously entrusted with the Bow River expedition into the heart of the Blackfeet country. It was probably on this trip that he gained the respect and even the friendship of the tribes of the warlike Blackfeet confederacy.

Rowand took up his quarters at Fort Edmonton in 1823 as head of the Saskatchewan district and remained in charge of it until his death, except for the year 1847-48, when he availed himself of his rotation of furlough. He became a chief factor in 1826 and a councillor of Rupert's Land in 1839.

In 1841 Rowand was a member of Sir George Simpson's party on a part of the famous trip around the world. How important a member he was may be judged by the extract from Sir George's "Narrative of a Journey Round the World": "As my new road was to lie through the country of the Blackfeet Indians, I was happy to obtain for the whole way (from the Red river) to Fort Vancouver, the escort of Mr. Rowand, who, having been in charge of the Saskatchewan for many years, had great influence among the tribes of the prairies. With that gentleman's aid, and a well-appointed party of eighteen or twenty men in all, we had but little to fear from any Indians that we could meet." Rowand travelled with the party from Fort Garry to the Pacific Coast, then to the Sandwich Islands and back to Edmonton.

One of the other members of Sir George Simpson's party, who served as medical officer during the two years of the trip was Alexander Rowand, M.D., the second son of the chief factor. Alexander Rowand had lived for a time at Lachine as a ward of the Governor, who took a keen interest in his education. He had just graduated in medicine from Edinburgh University when he joined Sir George's party. On his return from the trip he did post-graduate work in London and Paris, then set up practice in Montreal. In 1847 he moved to Quebec, where he became a partner of the famed Dr. James Douglas and port medical officer. He died in 1889, leaving a reputation for a remarkably kind and sympathetic disposition toward the poor and suffering.

The eldest son of John Rowand was John Rowand, junior, born 8th February 1812, who joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1833 as a post master. He served at Rocky Mountain House, Fort Garry, and Fort Assiniboine, becoming clerk in 1838. In 1841 he was in charge of Fort Pitt, in 1842 of Cumberland House, then was reappointed to Fort Pitt in June 1843. He was promoted to the rank of chief trader in 1850. On retiring from the service in 1856, he resided near Sturgeon Creek, west of Fort Garry, "in a pretty white wood house picked out with green." Dr. Cheadle, on his trip westward, called on August 23rd, 1862, to see Mr. Rowand, who was suffering with dropsy, and writes in his journal with approval of the house and garden: "best place we have seen at Red River Settlement." He died on 13th March, 1865, and his gravestone may be seen in St. Boniface Cathedral churchyard.

The daughters of John Rowand were Anne, who became the second wife of Chief Factor John Edward Harriott, Adelaide, Margaret and Sophia.

Fort Edmonton, where John Rowand held sway for fifty years, was the most important and imposing establishment in the Saskatchewan district. Situated on a perpendicular cliff about two hundred feet above the North Saskatchewan, it was hexagonal in shape, and its high pickets, bastions, flagstaffs and battlemented gateways gave it a martial appearance. In addition to trading, the building of York boats and making of pemmican were carried on at this fort, and coal obtained from the banks of the Saskatchewan was used in the blacksmith's forge. Adjoining the fort was a large and successful farm where wheat, barley and vegetables were raised in abundance. Alexander Ross, who visited the fort in 1825, noted with approval a fine level race-ground of two miles in length close to the fort, and was privileged to ride round it on a spirited chestnut sixteen hands high, the property of Mr. Rowand, who was fond of riding and racing. Ross pays tribute to the fine horses in Rowand's stud, and also to the general good order of the establishment.

Paul Kane, the artist, spent the winter of 1847-48 at Fort Edmonton on his return from the Pacific Coast. In his "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America" which took him "from

"The Big House." Photo taken about 1896, when the house formed the first clubhouse for the first Edmonton golf club. The dimensions were seventy feet deep by sixty feet wide.

Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory and Back Again," he describes the fort as unequalled, so far as other posts in the interior were concerned, in comfort and interest. The courtyard of the fort was about three hundred feet long by two hundred and ten wide. In the middle of the palisaded enclosure stood the "Big House" built by Rowand as the official residence of the chief factor. This was a massive building of squared timber, about seventy feet deep and sixty wide, three storeys high, with a gallery opening from the second storey in front and rear. A high stairway led from the courtyard to the front gallery and into a wide hall, on either side of which were two immense rooms, the gentlemen's mess room and the ball-room. Paul Kane thus describes these rooms: "The walls and ceilings are boarded, as plastering is not used, there being no limestone within reach; but these boards are painted in a style of the most startling barbaric gaudiness, and the ceiling filled with centre-pieces of fantastic gilt scrolls, making altogether a saloon which no white man would enter for the first time without a start, and which the Indians always looked upon with awe and wonder."

It was not without design that the official residence was so imposing and its decoration so striking, as it was above all important to impress the Indians who came to the fort to trade. The greatest factor in John Rowand's success as an officer of the Company was his ability to understand the mind of the Indian and to gain their respect by his fair dealing, courtesy of manner and fearlessness. Indeed the head of the Saskatchewan district in those days had need of all these qualities, since he had to meet not only Crees and Assiniboines but also their inveterate enemies the Blackfeet. No story would better illustrate the regard in which Rowand was held by the redmen than that told in Cheadle's Journal as related to him in 1863 by Colin Fraser, then Hudson's Bay Company officer at Ste. Anne's:

"Once when out with Mr. Rowand, as they were resting in the middle of the day, a body of 200 Blackfeet, naked and in war-paint, moved on to them with fearful yells. Mr. Rowand jumped up and cried out 'Stop, you villains.' One of the chiefs fortunately recognized him and stopped the rest. They were profuse in their apologies and regrets for having frightened them; *many of them actually cried with vexation*; they had taken them for Yankees and would certainly have scalped them if they had not recognized Mr. Rowand; asked permission to spend the night with them, and told them not to be afraid of their horses; and they made no attempt to steal."

In "Father Lacombe, the Black Robe Voyageur," Katherine Hughes relates many stories of John Rowand told her by the venerable priest. One of these may be related. The bully of Fort Edmonton at that period was a Metis named Paulet Paul, a huge wild dark fellow. At first he treated the young missionary with contempt, but gradually condescended to smoke a pipe with him, and at the beginning of Lent he surprised Father Lacombe by asking to be made a Christian. After weeks of special instruction and a voluntary fast for the week before Easter, he was baptized, the chief factor and Adelaide Rowand being his sponsors. Paulet as a Christian was more trustworthy than Paulet the unregenerate, and the chief factor allowed him to go in charge of a small party to meet a band of Indians and trade with them. Word came back to Father Lacombe at Ste. Anne that Paulet, carrying his new principles into practice, had got poor bargains for the Company. Father Lacombe, knowing Rowand, realized there was trouble in store for his convert. This is what he tells of the outcome in his own picturesque "English of the Nor'west."

"By and bye I met Rowand, and he say to me, blustering, 'Well, that man of yours, that Paulet that you baptize last year and recommend to me as a good man, he made a damfool of himself.'

"I answer nothing: I do not know what to say. But I watch out by the river until I see Paulet come with his toboggan and dog.

" 'Hey, Paulet,' I say. 'What have you done? Rowand will make trouble for you.'

"He speak bravely, 'Ha! that is all humbug that the men say. You will see.'

"But the big fellow look afraid. Then, quick! an idea came to me.

" 'Paulet,' I say, 'I know what to do. You will go to Rowand and right at once you will ask him for his blessing as a god-father.' (That is a fashion of Metis on great occasions.) 'Go!'

"And I laugh as I remember what Rowand said, and I hurried to be with him when Paulet comes. By and by, while I was walking up and down with him in the great Hall of the Big House, we hear somebody at the door. Suddenly Paulet came in and at once fell on his knees to Rowand.

" 'My god-father,' he say, 'give me your blessing.'

"Now Rowand was look surprise and shy, for though he consent when I coax him to be Paulet's god-father, he was not a very religious man. At last he say, 'Here is the Father; ask his blessing.'

"I was trying not to laugh, but I get voice to say, 'No, No; that is not my affair. It is yours. He is not my god-child; give him your blessing.'

"Now John Rowand had a good heart behind his temper, and he could enjoy Paulet's finesse . . . . So he made some kind of a blessing, and he finish it off by going to the cupboard to get a drink of rum for Paulet!"

Father Lacombe to his latest years loved to dwell upon the memory of this man: "He was not big, that little man, you know—brave like a lion. He feared no man; not even a whole tribe of Indians could make him afraid. Ah! he was a grand little man."

As a doctor's son Rowand was interested in medicine and kept a great medicine chest. A story is told how he impressed some Indians by making water boil without fire, his magic being nothing more than a Seidlitz powder.

While paying a visit to his son at Fort Pitt, Rowand dropped down dead while speaking to one of the Company's servants on the 30th May, 1854, and when writing to the Governor and Committee in London on the 30th June, Governor Simpson paid him this tribute:

"With him, it may be said, the old race of officers is extinct, he being the last on the list who held a commission at the date of the coalition. It is not usual in a public communication of this description to refer to private feelings, but on this occasion I trust I may be permitted to record my personal tribute of regard for the memory of an old and staunch friend, from whom both in a public and private capacity I ever received a firm and consistent support—frequently at times when councils were divided and such support was valuable. He was a man of sterling integrity and a warm heart and was not surpassed by any officer in the service for unswerving devotion to the public interests."

A private letter from Sir George Simpson to Alexander Rowand, dated 29th July 1856, relates the story of the transfer of John Rowand's remains to the city of his birth-place.

"It was one of the last instructions your father gave John, on the day preceding his death, that his bones were not to be left in the Indian country but removed to Canada and interred near those of his own father. I accordingly directed that the body should be disinterred last winter and brought out to Norway House, from whence I conveyed it this summer in my own canoe to Red River, but some of the crew having discovered the contents of the package, I was afraid they might (from a superstitious feeling) drop it overboard at some time, and therefore had it repacked and sent to York Factory for transmission to England by the ship, from whence it will be forwarded to this place (Lachine). The wish of the family at Red River is to erect a handsome monument to their father's memory in Montreal by subscription among themselves and I have undertaken to see the design carried out; you will no doubt be happy to join your sisters and brother in shewing this mark of regard for so kind and worthy a parent, on which point I shall be glad to hear from you. The cost of the monument I placed over the grave of my poor wife was £500, and I think for that sum I could now get a very handsome tomb erected for the reception of your father's bones. That was the lowest sum your sisters and John wished to devote to the object they have so much at heart."

Through the kindness of the Hudson's Bay Company, the privilege is granted of reproducing the following extract relating to John Rowand from the Servants' Characters kept by Governor Simpson:

Enclosure to L.C. No. 18213 of the 9th January, 1935, "No. 19. About 46 years of Age. One of the most pushing, bustling men in the Service whose zeal and ambition in the discharge of his duty is unequalled, rendering him totally regardless of every personal Comfort and indulgence—Warm hearted and Friendly in an extraordinary degree where he takes a liking, but on the contrary his prejudices exceedingly strong. Of a fiery disposition and bold as a Lion. An excellent Trader who has the peculiar talent of attracting the fiercest Indians to him while he rules them with a Rod of Iron and so daring that he beards their chiefs in the open Camp while surrounded by their warriors: has likewise a Wonderful influence over his people. Has by his superior management realized more money for the concern than any three of his colleagues since the Coalition; and altho' his Education has been defective is a very clear headed clever fellow—Will not tell a lie publick is very uncommon in this Country but has sufficient address to evade the truth when it suits his purpose; full of drollery and humour and generally liked and respected by Indians Servants and his own equals."

The memory of John Rowand still lives along the banks of the Saskatchewan and the tribute of Father Lacombe is still repeated there: "Ah! he was a grand little man."

Acknowledgement is gratefully made to the authors quoted, and particularly to the archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company, who has furnished facts regarding John Rowand and his family and extracts from Governor Simpson's correspondence.

William Cornwallis King Chief Trader, Retired

WHEN anyone reaches ninety, it is good news for all of us. It's reassuring and provides us with an opportunity to reflect that there may yet be time to break eighty in golf, own a prosperous burlesque theatre, or be a beachcomber on a sun drenched coral island, or any one of those preposterous secret ambitions which we all cherish. The very fact that ninety is possible gives us a new lease on our never completely satisfactory affairs. But to know Mr. King is to realize that you can have a life crowded with adventure and a clear head, a grand sense of humour even unto the tenth decade.

Mr. King, erect and alert, outside his home on Gertrude Ave., Winnipeg, on his 90th birthday.

Life for Mr. King has been very full, as he will tell you himself, and it is far from dull today. He was born in India, where his father was a colonel in the Madras cavalry of the old East India Company and as a boy he was sent to England to be educated at the Blue Coat school and later at Sandhurst, where he met the sons of some of this Company's officers. Fur trading, with its prospect of buffalo hunting, appeared to be more attractive than the Indian army, and in 1862 he secured an appointment as an apprentice clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company's service. Mr. King recalls vividly the luncheon of the Governor and Committee held before the sailing of the ship, and the advice given by Governor Dallas to him regarding Sunday observances in the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. King came to Canada on the Company's vessel, the *Prince of Wales*, and landed at York Factory.

His subsequent career in the fur trade cannot be told here, but must some day make a chronicle by itself. His greatest pride is his years in the Northern Department, for the best in the service were sent to the Mackenzie River district. Discipline was strict and morale was high. There he lived, travelled and traded, took his years of furlough in England and returned to the Company's service. He is one of that band of men who, living isolated in a great wilderness among Indians, never lost either their power to command or that sense of justice which enabled them to maintain the peace. One has only to look at the accounts of the opening up of other uncivilized areas of the world during the nineteenth century, with their records of savage warfare, to realize what men of the Company in the last century contributed to the history of the Canadian West.

Today Mr. King is the last of the officers of the Company whose commissions were held under the Deed Poll, and if you were to ask him the meaning of that term he will, with more than a suggestion of pride, tell you, "Sir, we were partners." The Deed Poll, by which the fur traders participated in the profits of the Company, was an institution inherited from the North-West Company merger of 1821, and it died with the surrender of the Company's exclusive trade rights in 1869.

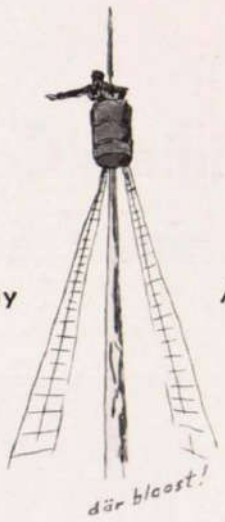
Mr. King's family ties with the East India Company and the fact that he knew and talked with men who had served the old North-West Company give him a unique place among the pensioners of the Company. He is a welcome caller at Hudson's Bay House, and can usually be persuaded to tell some diverting tale of other days and other ways. But Mr. King's reminiscences are not casual yarning to anyone who will listen. Stories about the Company are kept for the men of the Company, and toward inquiries about old days from casual writers or others Mr. King is helpful, but it is always clear that the Company's business is not discussed in public, and it is for "Company men" that the best stories are kept.

Our purpose here is to mark the occasion of Mr. King's ninety summers. He will protest against being thrust into print, but if his remarkable career can give any of us encouragement, we are sure he will not object. He has been seventy years identified with the Company—as clerk, officer and pensioner—and his loyalty has never never wavered.

"Thar She Blows"

A Man from The Prairies Spends His Wednesday Afternoon Whaling in Victoria Harbour

Written and Illustrated by
FRED AUGER
Victoria



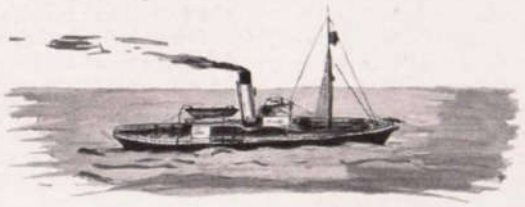
NEXT time you are in Victoria—which must be sometime, for the Vancouver Island Publicity Bureau says so; you *must* come to Victoria, they say. Anyway, next time you are in Victoria, after you have seen Butchart's Gardens and the Malahat and Marine Drive and all the things the guide books tell you about, go down to the Point Ellice bridge and see where I caught the whale.

There isn't much to see now, so the guide books will probably never mention it; but right out there on the oily water of the inner harbour, just about a hundred feet below the bridge, is the spot where I caught the whale, or almost caught one, if I hadn't been interrupted.

It was last Wednesday afternoon. They said in the paper that the whaling fleet of the Consolidated Whaling Corporation, the only Canadian whaling company operating on the Pacific coast, had returned to its home port after another successful season in northern waters. Two hundred and something whales, they said, and ever so many hundred pounds of meal and fertilizer were the season's catch. And now they were tied up at the company's docks by the Point Ellice bridge to wait until the whales started to run again, or get fat again, or stop mating, or whatever it is that makes a closed season on whales during this time of year.

I went to see them last Wednesday afternoon, the boats I mean. Sure enough, just as the papers said, they were there. I asked the man coming up the dock with the suit-case, and he waved the other arm and said, yes, that was them. Six rusty little one-funnel steamers with wide beams and low bows like tugboats. Tied up alongside the dock, three and three, with the prows of the after three nuzzling in beside the sterns of the three leaders, they looked for all the world like a six-horse team waiting for the crack of a whip. I suppose a real maritimer would say that was a prairie man for you, speaking of whale catchers like teams of horses.

So this was the fleet that had brought home the blubber. They all looked exactly alike. Their names, painted on the prow of each just under the harpoon gun, were *Blue*, *Red*, *Yellow*, and some other colours. Over on the other side of the dock was a much larger cargo ship called *Gray*.



I chose the *Blue*, partly because it was next to the dock and partly because its harpoon gun was the only one without a canvas cover. I contemplated my ship from every angle, wondering what this was for and what that was for. I paced off her sixty foot length on the dock and puzzled out the complicated blocks and tackle up in the rigging. That was alright, I thought; but you can only stand and look at a deserted ship for so long, even an honest-to-God whale catcher, and then you have to do something about it. You either have to get on or you have to go away. I looked around. The dock was deserted too, except for a harmless looking man in overalls and a grease spot on his upper lip that gave his mouth a twisted look. He was busy with a pile of cable. He paid no attention to me, just as if I was supposed to be there, so I balanced on the tip of a pile, put one foot across to the rail, jumped and hit the deck. (Now there's a nautical term in its proper place for you old salts.)

Immediately the whole world was changed. The dock and the buildings and bridge and the harbour all disappeared. The ever-so-slight rolling of the boat was magnified into the heaving, pitching swell of the open Pacific. My dauntless little *Blue* swooped down into the trough and mounted the wall of each oncoming wave as I headed out in search of whale. I even thought of climbing the shrouds to the lookout barrel and shouting "Thar she blows," or something, but decided to leave that to my lookout man. It was pretty high up there. Instead I went forward to the gun platform. I was the great harpoon-gunner Olaf Olafson, who knew all the whales in the Pacific Ocean. What a hard case, this Olafson, was I! It was while I was bending forward to see if my harpoon line was properly coiled that I saw it. Even before the lookout had time to yell I saw it. In this thick fog of the early morning we had come so close without even knowing we were near a whale, and now we were almost on top of the broad

back just coming to the surface. As I swung the heavy gun around, the blow-hole opened and a huge geyser of spray shot into the air.

"Now, just what the hell are you doing?" a voice came from behind me with very strong emphasis on the "you." I turned around. It was the man with the greasy face. He was standing on the dock with both hands on his hips. All of a sudden I felt very silly. I glanced back at the water. It was the smooth, black water of the harbour again, not even a ripple, while here was this man with the twisted mouth glaring down at me, or perhaps it was just that grease spot on his lip.

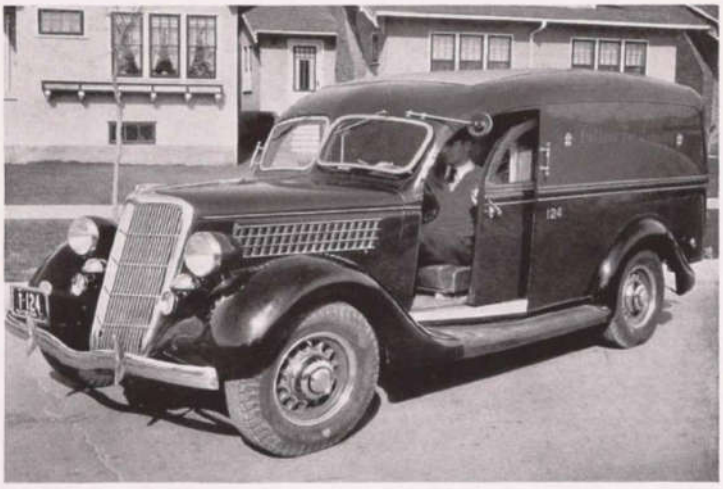
"I'm just sort of looking around, I guess," I said, and wondered if I looked as foolish as I felt. "You see, I'm thinking of writing a story about whaling," I decided suddenly, "and I want to see what these whaling boats are like."

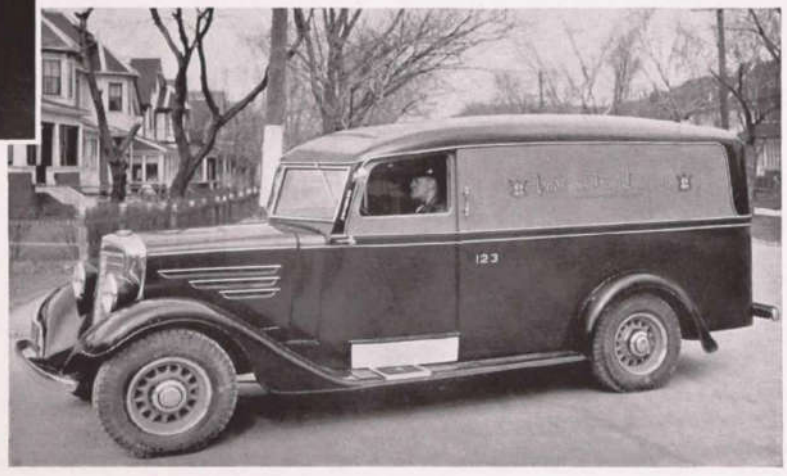
He grinned, or sneered, I'm not sure which on account of the grease. "Well, if you want to find out anything, gwan over and see Mr. Garcin. He's the super'ntenant. He's over in the mess on the *Gray* right now," said Mr. Greasy Face. "But don't fool around with them guns," he added, and returned to his cables.

So I screwed up enough courage to leave the *Blue* and climb the gang-plank of the *Gray*. I wondered if these whalers were anything like as tough as they were supposed to be by the stories. I found the mess and I found Mr. Garcin. I told him what I wanted. "I'd like to get some material for a story, maybe," I said.

"Sure," said Mr. Garcin. "Come in. Sit down. Have a cup of tea? Here Charlie, put some hot water in this," and he handed the teapot through a hole in the wall to the Chinaman in the galley. "What all would you like to know?" So, as I sat and drank my tea—strong tea too, for all its second watering—I asked a hundred questions, and he told me all about whaling.

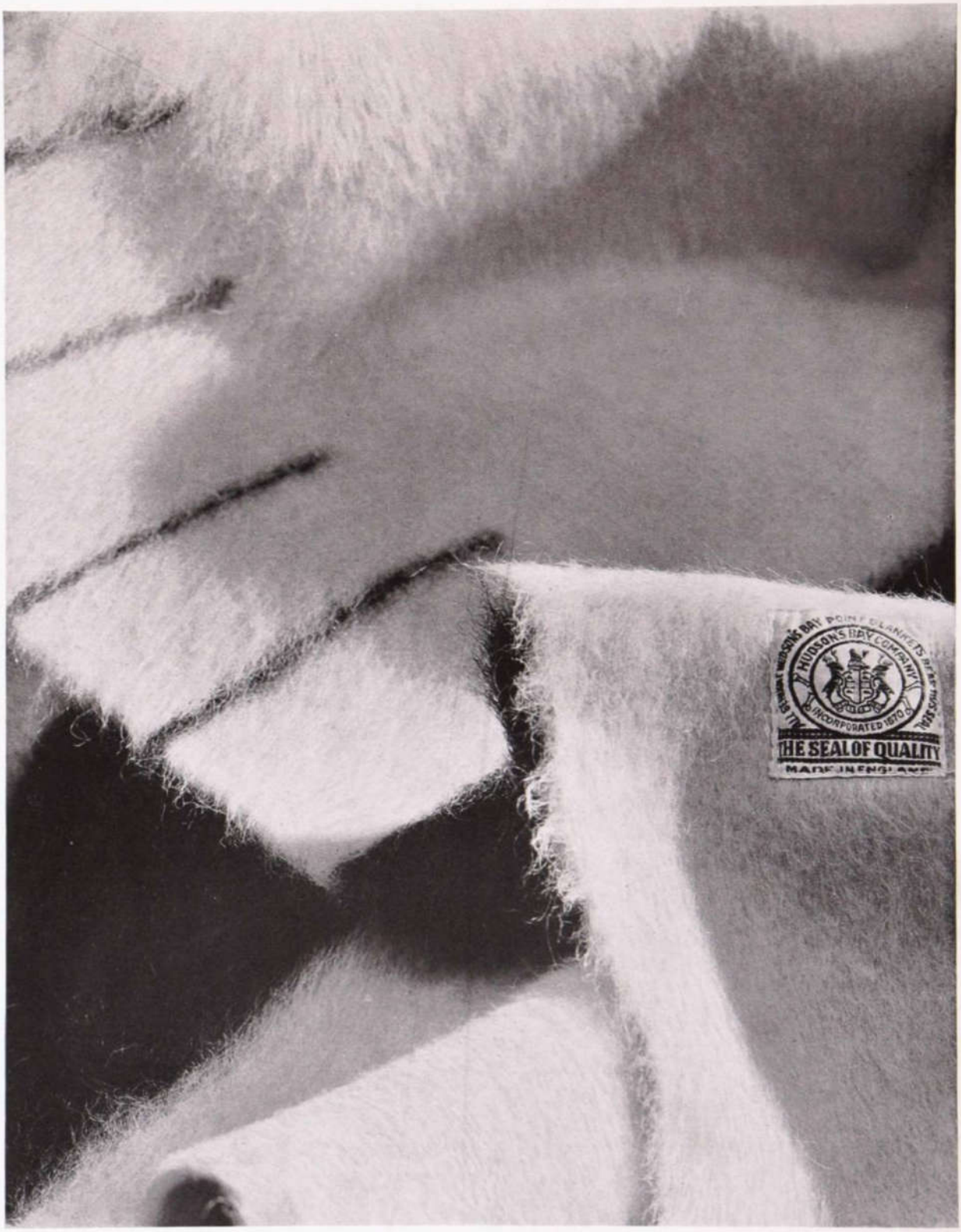
RENDERING A SERVICE





On the left, following on our last issue, is a further demonstration of Minds, Hands, Machines—Precision, Speed, Accuracy. It shows the sorting of that endless stream of parcels which flows all day into the Delivery Departments of our Retail Stores.

On the right are two new delivery trucks, designed in the Company's own construction office to give maximum efficiency in a job which must go on in all weather, and designed to give maximum comfort and protection to these H B C delivery men in these Western Provinces.


HUDSONS BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY

Blanket Coverage

Being the Description of a Truly Remarkable Article of Merchandise Which, by the Excellence of Its Quality, Has Set a Standard for the World and Carried the Name of the Great Company Wherever There Is Chill in the Air.

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

IT is a curious but notable fact that if the name of the Hudson's Bay Company is mentioned among groups of reasonably well informed persons outside of Western Canada, the first reaction is "furs" and the second "blankets." It is curious because the blanket business of the Company is not enormous. Throughout the fur trade and retail establishments there are hundreds of other lines of merchandise which produce a greater volume than these Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets. But by the blankets we are known, and in these following pages an attempt has been made to explain why the remarkable reputation of the "Point" Blankets has survived the generations and set a standard for the world. This might be called advertising. To us, it is simply an interesting merchandising story made as interesting as we can make it.

In the next few pages we give an historical sketch of the blankets, a description of them today with their sizes, weights, prices and specifications, and the blanket garments with their styles and general utility.

The blanket business of the Company comes under the Wholesale Department (other admirable products including Imperial Mixture Tobacco, Fort Garry Tea and Coffee, and Best Procurable Scotch Whisky are sold by this Department, but they are stories to be told another day). It is an even tempered affair; that is, no one gets feverish about it. Brisk, glib salesmen are not touring the continent impressing the retail trade with the supreme qualities of Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets, pursued by follow up letters from master minded sales managers who keep grim graphs of monthly quotas on their office walls. And in the thirty-five cent quality magazines (known as the "slicks") you have not been dazzled by autographed colour photographs of duchesses endorsing or slumbering regally beneath the celebrated blankets. In short, it's low cost operation.

But to understand this extraordinary story of merchandise which sells so comfortably on its own momentum, you must follow us through the next few pages. It is enough here to note that the Wholesale Department is under no illusions as to competition, or is it unaware of the merits of national advertising, but it is highly sensitive to that delicate balance between steady, dependable sales of a superlative product through dependable dealers to satisfied customers and the costs of advertising and merchandising Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets—all the glittering persuasions of advertising agencies to the contrary notwithstanding. The day will doubtless come when the buyers of blankets may begin to show signs of succumbing to the sheer weight of paid printed persuasion in the "slicks," and the Company's Wholesale Department then will step into advertising space—and you can be certain it will be well done.

Meanwhile, Hudson's Bay blanket business, like time, marches on, to the annoyance of all competitors and imitators and the despair of several advertising agencies. The imitators deserve special mention.

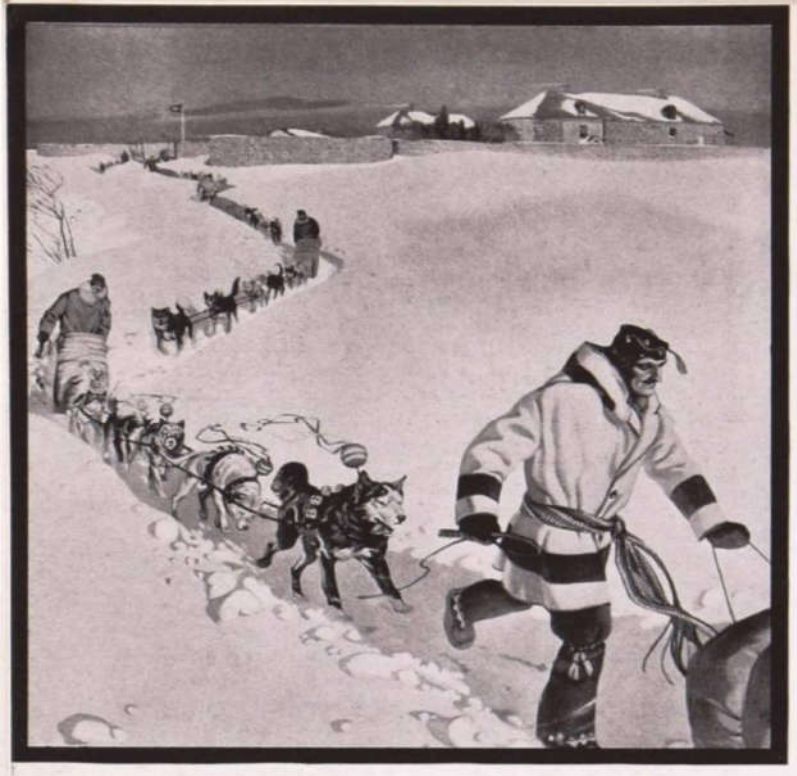
It is not difficult for an expert to take a blanket to shreds and produce the specifications. Any product with the reputation of ours is certain to find imitators, and so today a series of names, such as Northland, Trapper, Arctic and others, are offered. Even the distinctive word "point" is employed by manufacturers who attempt to crowd in upon the reputation of the Company's product. The imitations are sometimes annoying and always flattering, but they remain at best only imitations. It is in the United States that imitators are most annoying, and in some states the Company has been compelled to go on the air to broadcast warnings against door-to-door salesmen who claim to represent the Adventurers of England in the blanket business. The Company's authorized agent in the United States is Clarence Whitman & Sons, Inc., of 21 East 26th Street, New York City. They are the manufacturers of Esmond blankets and "Point" Blankets do not compete with their own lines.

The Company's blanket lines are in three groups: the Standard colours, the Pastel shades and the blanket garments. The grand old Standard colours—camel, scarlet, blue, grey, white, green and striped—are the heirs and successors of the historic blanket about which you will read on the next page. The Pastel shades are the modern, worthy offspring of the Standards—very modern, very smart and very good. They appeared first in 1929 and have ridden the depression to the encouragement of the Wholesale Department, who admit, though, that a new variation of a famous old product requires a lot of selling when you are not advertising. There are five shades: sky, gold, rose, orchid and reseda (personally, we think it ought to be Nile Green, but they call it reseda). The garments—coats, wind-breakers, etc., for men, women and children—are a story to themselves. Nobody knows quite when they began, but we show you in the course of this article Indians and mannequins wearing them as they were and as they certainly are. The Wholesale Department in this line supplies camp and trail requirements and also has to work in the hazardous field of women's fashions. Five men's garments and five for women.

The blankets are made for the Company by two English factories—Wormalds & Walker Ltd. of Halifax and Thomas & David Lee & Sons Ltd., Earlsheaton near Dewsbury, Yorkshire, where, we are told, the air drying of our brilliant blankets is a familiar sight. Of course the specifications are rigid and the inspection and testing scrupulous. We are not tempted to set about an elaborate description because we believe accounts of factory processes are excessively dull, but there are certain things everyone who buys blankets ought to know. These "Point" Blankets are made from selected wools from England, Wales, New Zealand and India, each bringing a definite quality which contributes to the water resistance, the warmth, the softness, and the strength of the final article. The wool is dyed before spinning, which insures that every fibre is thoroughly dyed, the colour thereby becoming much more dependable than when dyeing takes place after the yarn has been spun, which is frequently the method followed in other blankets. Pure indigo-blue only is used for the dyeing of the "points," the bars of the standard coloured blankets, and for the blue blankets. (More about the meaning of these "points" on the next page.) They are air and sun dried, which has the effect of brightening the colour, and there is little doubt that it is this drying which gives the blankets that peculiar freshness which they never entirely lose.

When the blankets are first woven they are one half greater in size than is required in the finished products. Thus, a 4-point blanket in its original state is 112 inches wide and is then reduced by milling to the required 72 inches. The milling, which prevents any further shrinkage of the blankets, is done by doubling up the blankets and passing them through a narrow trough and literally pounding them with large wooden mallets. It is also this milling which prevents the blankets from hardening when exposed to the most trying weather conditions.

The finish of the blankets is different from the usual blanket and so helps to conserve that substance and durability given them in the twill weaving. The wool is long in staple and specially suitable for a hard-wearing blanket. There is not the brushed-up nap which is given to many blankets for display purposes only but which does not survive washing or wear. The blankets are not bleached with sulphur like most blankets, so at no time, wet or dry, is there any unpleasant smell.



In the Beginning . . .

EXPERTS in retailing today advise us that it is not much help in selling merchandise to tell people how long an article is going to last. In other words, length of life in goods has ceased to be important. Undiscouraged, we proceed to tell something of the background of the blanket.

It was for the Indian trade and for the use of the men in the Company's service that the blankets were created, and strewn about these two pages are glimpses of the blanket as it has been used in other days.

Upper left is our calendar picture of 1931 by Charles Comfort, depicting the last dog team leaving Lower Fort Garry in 1909 and, appropriately, the blanket coat. In the middle of this page is a painting by Kreighoff, that itinerant German whose pictures are now prized for their authentic reporting of early Canadian costume, and here, on the banks of a river, as the lecturer with his lantern slides would say, we have the blanket being traded.

Below are the blankets described in a letter reproduced on a later page. Continual use for fifty-five years is not to be despised in the blanket business, even if the Wholesale Department's retail colleagues don't think much of it as a sales point.

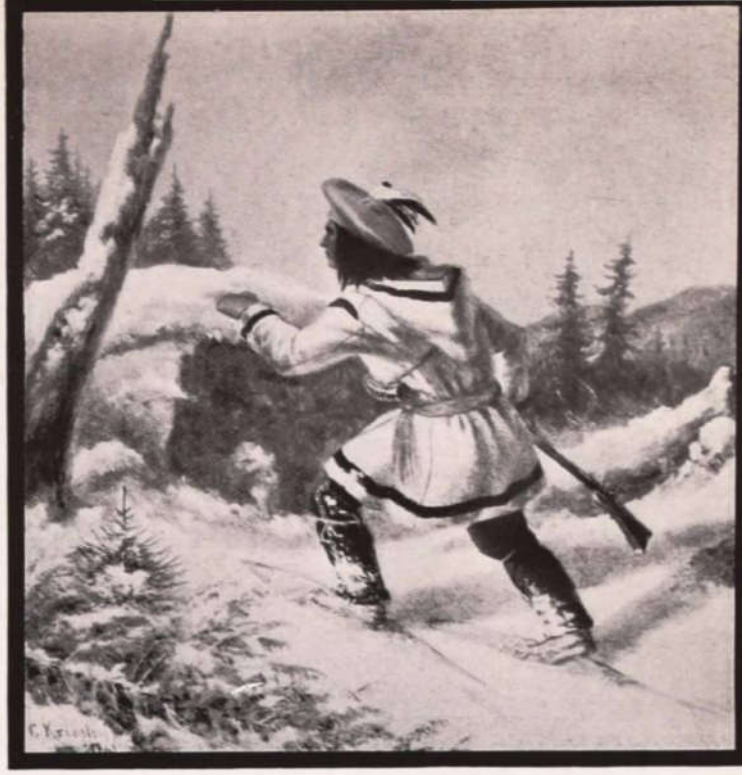
The cheery figure on the top of page 47 is a grandmother of the Haida Indians. The photograph was found in our files and we know nothing of its origin, but the old lady certainly knew all about the business of keeping warm.

Upper right, another of Cornelius Kreighoff's costume pictures dated 1861: correct blanket costume for the period. Reproduced by courtesy of *The Seigneur*, magazine of the Seigniory Club, and the gallery of W. Scott & Sons, Montreal.

On the extreme right is Chief Star Blanket and his wife. We do not propose to go into the history of the Northwest Territories, but it is enough to note that in his day Star Blanket was a Brain Truster among Indians—and knew how to keep warm.

In the corner is a Winnipeg street scene dated 1873. In a way it is symbolical of that period with a building under construction, muddy streets, a Red River cart, an Indian family complete with dog, and the head of the household appropriately costumed in a Hudson's Bay "Point" blanket.

At the bottom of the page is a picture from the Canadian Arctic demonstrating a new utility for the blanket. Incidentally, in the far North it is found throughout mission stations, police barracks and Company posts. So universal is its use in the North that it was no surprise to find the blanket as part of the court room fixtures in a recent Arctic murder trial reported by the Canadian Press from Coppermine, Northwest Territories: "Promptly at ten o'clock, the court was called to order by Corporal Wall in the living room of the R.C.M.P. quarters here, His Honour Magistrate Douglas sitting before a table covered with a



gray Hudson's Bay blanket and draped with the British flag."

The earliest recorded transaction in connection with Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets is in the minutes of a meeting of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company held in London on 22nd December, 1779: "Read a letter from . . . . dated 20th December accepting . . . p.pc. for the blankets and duffels ordered last week. Sends samples of five different sorts of Pointed blankets with their respective prices per pair. Ordered that Mr. . . . be directed to make one hundred pairs of each sort of the said blankets."

In a letter to the London Committee from Thomas Hutchins, chief at Albany Fort on Hudson Bay, written in 1780, Hutchins wrote that the Committee "had misunderstood him about the price of the pointed blankets as the points were known to every Indian to be the price to be paid for each as 2½ points, 2½ beaver, 3 points, 3 beaver, etc."

The "point" on the blanket in its present standardized form is comparatively modern, being introduced in 1850. Prior to that date blankets for the Hudson's Bay Company were made with the bar only by individuals in their own homes, each maker putting a distinctive mark, a "point," on his product to show the size and weight. These "points" were in coloured wools and usually about one inch long.

The original mackinaw coats were made from Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets for the British soldiers who, during the war of 1812, fought in the neighbourhood of Mackinaw. Captain Charles Roberts was unable to obtain greatcoats for his men, so commandeered a supply of "Point" blankets and coats were designed and made by one of his men.

The Blankets Themselves

EVEN if you are still with us in reading this nine page epic we are taking the risk of boring you by repeating here the range of blanket colours. **The Standard Colours** are camel, scarlet, empire blue, grey, white, green and striped. **The Pastel Shades** are rose, orchid, sky blue, gold and reseda.

Note this: They are sold singly or in pairs.

And note this further: The genuine blanket has a Hudson's Bay Company Seal of Quality label.

The Sizes and Weights are shown in a diagram on the last page of this article.

The "Point" marks, which are the old fur trade identification, refer to sizes, not weight. The weight per square yard is the same in all Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets.

The Standard Colour blankets are truly standard for the world. In the temperate zones of the earth, wherever nights are cold, experienced travellers know these blankets. In the ski lodges of the Laurentians, in the fishing camps of the Maritime Provinces and in the big game expeditions into the Rockies, you will see their colours glowing. In *camp and cottage*, they are the pride of their owners. If you are skeptical about the "ask the man who owns one" formula, then *ask your guide* the next time you are in the North woods. He may or may not own a pair, but he will probably add an endorsation to those sample letters which appear on the opposite page, with perhaps a personal experience with the water-resisting qualities of this blanket, which actually sheds rain or sleet over prolonged periods. **Prices** (Winnipeg) on the Standard Colours are: 3½ "point" $15.00 per pair, 4 "point" $18.00 per pair. The grey blankets are slightly cheaper.

And now the Pastel shades. They appeared first in 1930, designed for use in modern homes. They bring all the excellence of the original blanket into the delicate colour schemes of today. There was no radio, billboard or magazine advertising campaign to announce their coming but they came and captured a place and the upward march of their sales is the evidence of their success.

There are no satin bindings on the edges and that is sometimes a point of controversy. A satin binding on the edge of a blanket has to be removed and changed from year to year. It cannot stand the wash racket, and what is more it can be used to conceal the fraying, ravelling character of a cheap blanket. So the Hudson's Bay Pastel shade blanket has not the Ritz binding for the very sound reason that it will not fray.

The full beauty of the Pastel shades is beyond the *Beaver's* capacity to publish but there is a folder in full colors which the Company's stores can supply on request, or, better still, there are the articles themselves in every blanket department. It is in the domestic use of these blankets that their fine honesty becomes quickly apparent. There is no artificial fluffing up of the wool for counter display purposes; the Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets come to you with good colour and good workmanship, and as you live with them they mellow like good friendships, and you find renewed satisfaction in their very presence. Pastel prices: 3½ "point" $17.50 per pair, 4 "point" $21.00 per pair.

Woodlands, Man., 7th December, 1933.

"I, too, have, or at least my wife also has, an H B C Point blanket which was purchased at the Fort Garry store in 1872, just sixty years ago. It is a two and a half (2½) point, and has been in constant use since the time it was purchased, chiefly on children's beds, as it is one of the smaller sizes. It is fraying a little on one side, and the fluff has not entirely, but almost, gone; but there is a wonderful structure left and gives promise of considerable usefulness yet."

Regina, Sask., 3rd April, 1933.

"I have a pair of 4-point blue-striped white H B C blankets which have been in *continual* use for over 55 years. My father, David Morrison, settled on the north west of the Portage Plains in 1871—about six miles from a village called Totogan. There was an H B C post there which within my own recollection was managed by a Frenchman whose name was Maxime Vilbraunt. The date of purchase (approximately) can be vouched for by reliable parties if you need such statements. My mother once told me they were on my bed when I was born, which is over fifty-five years ago. The blankets have been washed and washed. They have been carefully darned and have many years usefulness yet."

Vancouver, B.C., June 26, 1931.

I have in my possession, one of a pair of blankets which I purchased in your store 30 years ago this month. Used as a saddle blanket during several seasons of riding the range. Was packed through to Revelstoke—thence south through the Kootenays on prospecting and hunting trips. Packed north all through the mountains and received some of the roughest usage that any fabric could possibly survive.

I could not truthfully estimate how many tons of river gravel was dumped onto it and washed in our attempts to find gold. Was packed back to Alberta and used on freighting trips to Athabasca Landing and Peace River—also the famous Barr Colony (Lloydminster).

Used as a saddle blanket for almost two years of riding around on hard and tough trips for the C.N.R. engineers. Then used for camping during construction of C.N.R. from Battleford to Edmonton, thence to the mountains.

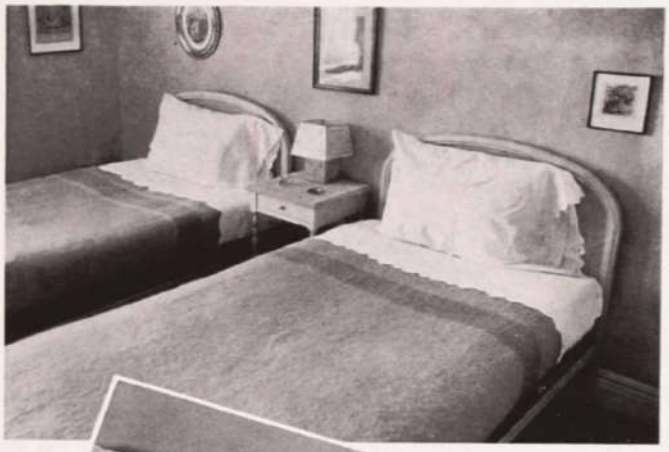
Six or seven Indian babies have been born on it—was used during a trip after wild horses in Northern Alberta when one end got burned in a bad prairie fire, leaving about three-quarters of the blanket intact. Used for three years during my homesteading stunt.

When I got married, I took my young wife on to the homestead, used the blanket as her covering during the eleven-mile drive. Used it on our bed for years. When the youngster arrived, was used as a mattress in bottom of the buggy. When the next one came, was used as a cover on its crib. That winter, was used as part protection over a valuable small stock of potatoes. Next winter used as a drop curtain hung in front of a few pure bred poultry. Then thoroughly washed and placed on the bed.

We were out hunting in a car, got stuck in mud and placed the blanket under the back wheel; the wheel spun, then gripped and out we came, leaving a hole in one corner of Old Faithful. Part of it I cut off and sewed up into a pair of heavy socks and used them all winter during a mail trip.

We still have the old blanket after thirty years of service, somewhat faded certainly, but like Johnny Walker, still going strong. During all those years the only hole is where the auto wheel ground it. It never frayed, and only during the last few years of very rough usage did it fade.

* * * *



When dividing the double blanket do not cut apart. Make a cut about an inch deep from the edge at the point of division, then tear across. No blanket stitch or binding is necessary along the torn edge.

Standard blankets can be washed satisfactorily with pure soap and *luke warm* water. Rinse the blanket about six times and dry in the shade on a warm breezy day. Shake out well before hanging out to dry. Dry cleaning is recommended for Pastel blankets due to their delicate colors, but washing is satisfactory if proper care is taken.

And These Are the Blanket Garments

PREFERRED position on this page is given to two new women's coats. Upper left are two pictures of The Garry and one of The Swagger. They are, of course, made from the "Point" blankets and are available in Standard colours and Pastel shades. **The Garry** is peculiarly our own, having been designed and made with the co-operation of the Winnipeg retail store. Neither the Wholesale Department nor *The Beaver* has the capacity to describe The Garry in the ecstatic vocabulary of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*, but our enthusiasm is undimmed. We believe it is so good that we present, in our best manner, two pictures of it. It sells for $20.00 from Fort William to Victoria.

Between the two Garry models is another 1935 coat—**The Swagger.** This has more general utility selling appeal than any blanket garment since the Indians used the blanket for coat, bedding, tent and saddle. The Swagger has a fine loose, easy flare, with pockets just where they ought to be, and it quickly suggests roadsters, motor boats and the cool of summer evenings. We prefer it in the natural camel's hair shade—but don't let us influence you. In

the west it costs only $12.00. (All the prices quoted here are for Western Canada —the unfortunate Easterners may have to pay a spot more, but that is just their bad luck in living too far away from the merchandising advantages of the Hudson's Bay Company.) It's a *very* smart coat and you'll like it.

The pleasing young person with the dogs, and again seen at the fire-place, was photographed at the Seigniory Club last winter by Gray-O'Reilly for *Town and Country*, and she wears a coat made by a Montreal shop from the same celebrated blanket. We give you these pictures by way of indicating the flexibility of the garments in the hands of others. There is a model of our own closely corresponding to this one which sells for $15.00.

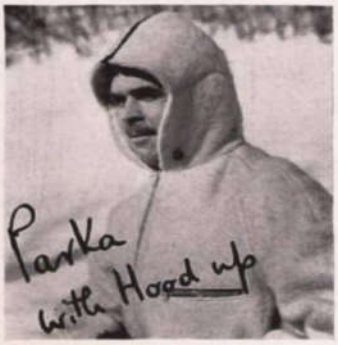
The New Yorker and **The Lady's Hooded** coats are further instances of the diversity of women's blanket coats. The New Yorker has had wide success in the Pastel shades, and here again we decline to go into lyrics about it in the hope that the picture will tell the story well enough to compel you to ask for it. The Hooded Coat is a variation of the original Hudson's Bay Mackinaw coat, and it continues to sell for winter resort wear and in those places where ski-ing has not displaced snowshoeing. Twenty dollars for these.

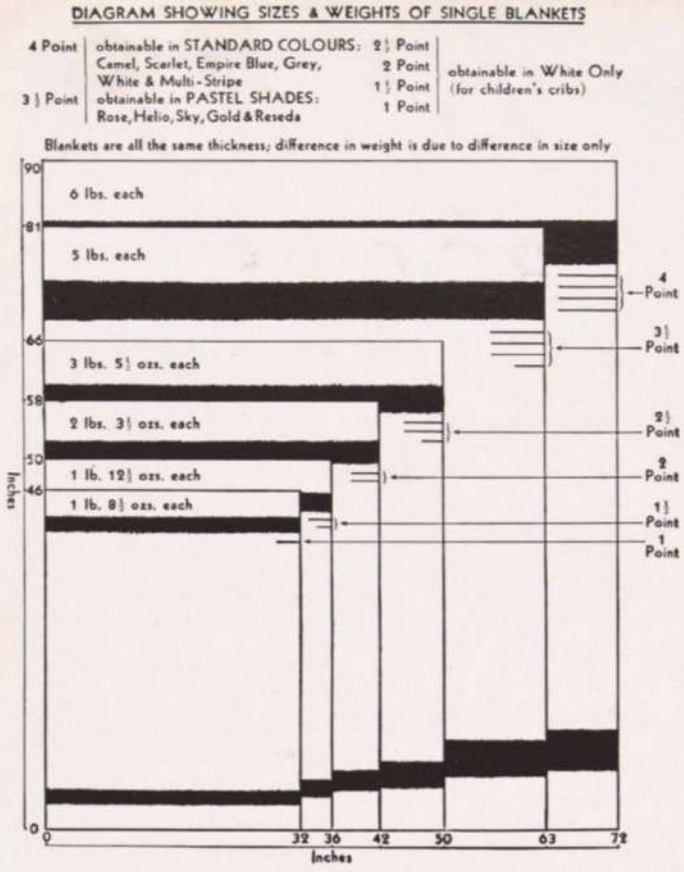
In the range of men's blanket garments, **The Hudson's Bay Parka** is new in 1935. It incorporates the best features of the northern dog driver's parka with requirements of Canadian winter sports. Note deep zipper front, large open pockets and small closed pockets, belt for snug fit. Note particularly the flat lying collar which can be zippered into a hood, as shown at the bottom of the page. This parka, while probably too warm for active ski-ing, will have a real place wherever weather is cold; spectators and officials at winter sports meets will want it. A splendid, stout, warm garment, it can be procured in any of the blanket colours. Twenty dollars.

The Man's Hooded Coat is a general utility coat which has been popular ever since the troops of George III made their own from our blankets. Hunting, fishing, lumbering, mining, are a few Canadian activities where this coat is found. Fifteen dollars.

The Windbreaker, with zipper or buttons, makes fine snug cold-weather protection. An inner knitted wristband and a knitted waistband give good fit. For work or play out of doors it does its job and continues to be in constant demand. Ten dollars and a big money's worth.

The American Jumper is also a new design for men's sport's wear. It is styled somewhat and fits into cold weather golf, spring and fall garden work and that not entirely forgotten pleasure of winter walking. Colours as usual, and price unusual at $10.00.





THE BEAVER

And in Conclusion

ALL our advertising technique is now exhausted and our sales talking has left us hoarse, and if you are not yet convinced about the merits and desirability of these blankets, then you are not nearly as intelligent as we are convinced most *Beaver* readers are.

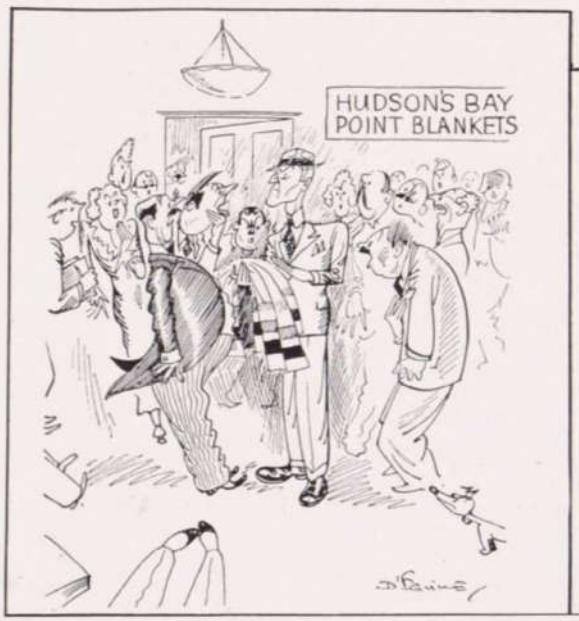
But, sold or unsold, convinced or skeptical, we offer you this final page containing:

1. A chart showing weight, dimensions and colours of the blanket range. (Of course the 3½ and 4 "point" are the popular ones.)

2. Three pictures at random (there are plenty more in the file where these came from) from *Saturday Evening Post*, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* during 1934. The pictures themselves indicate the "universal acceptance" of blanket garments.

3. Two cartons, one by d'Egville, whose pictures you have seen in *Punch*; the other from somewhere by someone—it's an amusing picture found in a file and we hope to escape a law-suit for publication without permission.

This is the point: When merchandise is "taken up" by magazine illustrators, world-celebrated pilots, cosmetic companies and cartoonists, without any promotion from the manufacturers, you can feel some confidence in its standard. In the blanket business the Hudson's Bay "Point" blanket has set a Standard for the World.



The cartoons on the left:

Left: "The man who said his Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket wasn't warm enough."

Right: "The shoulders fit fine—want a cuff on the bottom?"

Illustrations from the jacket cover of "The Search for the Northwest Passage."

BOOKS

"The White-Headed Eagle," R. G. Montgomery.
"The Golden Grindstone," Angus Graham.
"Hudson's Bay Company, a Brief History."
"Documents Relating to the North-West Company," W. S. Wallace, M.A.
"The Search for the Northwest Passage," Nellis M. Crouse.

"The White-Headed Eagle: John McLoughlin, Builder of an Empire," by Richard G. Montgomery. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1935.

IF you stand on the sand of Tadoussac beach on summer evenings and look south across the dark water of the St. Lawrence, you can see the glittering lights of the French-Canadian village of Riviere du Loup, and if you have any consciousness of history you will reflect that there, in the widening valley, are the beginnings of Canada's story. Elsewhere in this *Beaver* these beginnings are noted, but it is enough here to observe that at Riviere du Loup John McLoughlin, known variously in fur trade history as the White-Headed Eagle, the Big Doctor and the Father of the Oregon, was born in the spring of 1784. His father was an Irish immigrant farmer of stout character and his mother was Angelique Fraser, the daughter of the seigneur of Murray Bay who had been an officer of Fraser's Highlanders and served under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. From this illustrious regiment came the sinews of the North-West Company, and it was all eminently reasonable that young John McLoughlin should find a place in that remarkable organization which was thrusting westward across the new continent.

Mr. Montgomery's biography is an excellent, readable book and, as has been said before in these pages, readable books on fur trade history are as rare as humour in the annual reports of corporations. The beginnings of John McLoughlin's career are carried along, where the facts are not known, with fictional suppositions which are all reasonable and the reader is never left in doubt as to where fact ends and assumption begins. It was a notable career. The Edinburgh medical training, the years at Fort William as resident physician for the North-West Company, the obscure years between 1808 and 1816, the marriage to Margaret McKay (widow of McKay who crossed the Rockies with Alexander Mackenzie), the friendship with young James Douglas, his fight in London on behalf of his North-West colleagues to secure the deed poll from the union with Hudson's Bay Company, and the following years at Fort Frances, are the substance of a career in themselves. But it was not until 1824 that George Simpson, at the York Factory meeting of the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, sent John McLoughlin to the Columbia district. It is there that McLoughlin came into his own. The man had a certain elemental grandeur about him, and the empire which was his to rule on the west of the mountains was a setting which called for men of his stature. Mr. Montgomery's account of him as a fur trader, warrior and diplomat is well done. The tragedy of his final years, when, after leaving the Company and becoming an American citizen, he died embittered against his adopted country, is excellent. He will, no doubt, be most frequently remembered for his generosity and kindness to the American settlers who struggled across the mountains to the Oregon.

The final words have not yet been published on McLoughlin's career, for there are state papers and many records which, when they appear, may place the date of McLoughlin's determination to consolidate Oregon for the republic at an earlier date than Mr. Montgomery suggests. It is curious that the author of this admirable book did not take advantage of the Company's archives. In his introduction he states that these are not available, and on page 107 that certain facts probably lie "buried in the old records of the Hudson's Bay Company in London and, until these are made public, we can only speculate on probabilities." Is it possible that Mr. Montgomery does not know that the Company's archives have for several years been available to all serious students of history and that research work is being carried on almost constantly in those records by eminent American historians? However, any disregard of this wealth of material has not spoiled a splendid biography which can be recommended with enthusiasm to students of fur trade history and to the general reader.—*D.M.*

"The Golden Grindstone." The adventures of George M. Mitchell; recorded by Angus Graham. Canadian branch, Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1935; maps and a portrait by Kathleen Shackleton; $2.50.

THIS is a new variation of the old Trail of '98 theme, and a good one. Angus Graham has put down a verbatim chronicle of Mr. Mitchell's attempt to reach Dawson City in that famous year. Mitchell, who now lives in Quebec, left Toronto with two companions and paused long enough in Winnipeg to get a letter of credit from Commissioner Chipman. They outfitted at Edmonton and headed north in the hope of getting into the gold field via the Mackenzie and Peel rivers. Without seeking companions, they found themselves part of a motley brigade of gold seekers. Their experiences of descending the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie were similar to those of scores of others who have told their tales but, in this instance, the story is remarkably well told and has the added colour of a gold rush.

The book is of particular interest to the Company by reason of Mitchell's relations with the Company's men. His observations on Chief Factor Camsell at Fort Simpson deserve quotation:

"The chief factor himself was a great power in the far North west. He was a small man with a tremendous presence—delicate features, grey hair, a drooping moustache, and penetrating eyes. He wore a monocle without a string. Personal authority and the Company's long-standing prestige were a factor's only support in dealing with the Indians when the civil power was a thousand miles away in the south; but it was essential for the purposes of the fur trade—apart from any question of public order—that the Indians should be peaceful and contented, and should not be distracted from their hunting by wars and turmoil. The Company had always left the Indians pretty much to themselves, allowing them to live their own lives as Indians and, in particular, to keep their religion; it had only interfered in wars and major villainies, such as the massacre of successful hunting parties and the theft of their furs. Mitchell, who knows the story from the Indians' side, believes that things went well under the Company's regime, and that subject to certain allowances for primitive ways the Indians of the West and North were honest and self-respecting men until civilization spread over the prairies and swallowed them.

"Camsell, at any rate, managed his Indians by the Company's traditional method with complete success. The Indians respected and loved him, appreciating his cool dry manner—by which Americans, on the other hand, were sometimes roused to fury. In times of trouble he would walk into an Indian council, say that he had heard that 'his children' were sick in their minds, and invite them to tell him what was wrong. If anyone tried to be rude Camsell would make a sign to his own followers and a couple of them would shoulder the offender out; after that the rest of the council would probably be very affable, Camsell would forgive the insult, and the rude person would be allowed to come in again. Then, after hours of talk and a great deal of tobacco and tea, the trouble would gradually be smoothed away. and if 'bad Indians' committed any outrageous crime Camsell was perfectly fearless in taking more drastic measures."

Later, at Fort Good Hope, Mitchell met Chief Factor Gaudet:

"Old Mr. Gaudet made a very remarkable figure, especially on the border of the Arctic Circle. He was a French-Canadian of the finest and oldest type; tall, of an extremely distinguished appearance, and dressed in what had been the height of the Montreal fashion in 1850. His coat was of fine black broadcloth, paling a little towards green—full-skirted, high in the collar, and sloping about the shoulders. His neck was set fast in a high white stock reinforced with a black cravat; his very tall hat was made of beaver; and his trousers were strapped under his boots. He carried a green umbrella that was wide enough to shelter three men. He had served the Hudson's Bay Company at one or another of the far northern posts for forty-seven years, and, in accordance with the French-Canadian tradition, had raised a family of thirteen sons and daughters. The Gaudets were indeed a quiverful of arrows in the hands of the Company, as all the seven sons were being raised to its service and three of them were already in responsible positions at the time of Mitchell's visit.

"Fort Good Hope was a much less ambitious place than Fort Simpson. It consisted simply of the chief trader's dwelling-house, withdrawn a little from the river-bank, a store and trading-shop by the landing, some cabins for Indian servants, a church, and two plots of cultivated ground. But Mitchell was astounded to find

how Gaudet, in spite of a lifetime of exile, had managed to put the stamp of French Canada on every part of the settlement. Just as Camsell at Fort Simpson had made himself something like an English country house, so Gaudet had turned Fort Good Hope into an old fashioned manor—as it might have been on the shores of Lac St. Pierre. His house was low and wide, with a bell-cast roof hanging over a roomy veranda. The furniture was fine old heavy stuff, made in Quebec in days before the tradition of French craftsmanship had quite died out. The dinner, which was served with great ceremony, carried out the same idea; there was soupe aux pois, perdrix aux choux, and graisse de rot on the side. All round the house were flower beds in a blaze of bloom, and at the back a large garden of flourishing vegetables. (The celery of Fort Good Hope is said to be the best in the world.)"

At Fort McPherson he met John Firth (whose picture was published in the last *Beaver*).

"The clerk in charge, John Firth, was an Orkney man, who had come out to the Company's service as a boy and had risen from dog-runner to factor through sheer excellence, honesty, and force of character. He looked like a man of granite—square, broad, and powerful—and there was a formidable quietness about him which had a compelling effect on the Eskimo and Indians. They felt that his cool grey-blue eyes were looking right into their thoughts, and minded their manners accordingly."

These are a few of the paragraphs referring to the Company. The wider interest of the book is in the leadership which Mitchell acquired without seeking over the band of prospectors who pressed up the Peel river only to be overtaken by the winter. Mitchell broke a leg and was cared for by Indians whose chief he had befriended. The narrative from this point on is an absorbing story of Loucheux Indian life. There is a fine candour about the book, with a frankness of language which perhaps puts it out of the boys' reading classification, but for any adult with a leaning toward books of authentic adventure "The Golden Grindstone" can be recommended. A few paragraphs about the ultimate destinies of the rest of the parties would have added considerably to the account but that is a trifling criticism of a good book.—*D.M.*

"The Search for the North-West Passage," by Nellis M. Crouse. Published by the Columbia University Press, New York; 533 pages, illustrated; $4.75 in Canada, $4.00 in U.S.

THIS is a very well written and extremely interesting summary of the voyages of discovery from the beginning of the nineteenth century in search of a direct short passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. This Arctic chapter is one of the most interesting in the history of world exploration, and Mr. Crouse's book brings the whole story within the grasp of the average layman who has not the time or opportunity to wade through the long and frequently tiresome records of the explorers themselves.

Mr. Crouse gives most absorbing summaries of the following voyages amongst others: Commander John Ross's two voyages and that of his nephew James C. Ross, Lieut. (later Sir Edward) Parry's three expeditions, Sir John Franklin's two overland expeditions, Sir George Back's, those of Thomas Simpson and Peter Warren Dease, and Dr. John Rae, Commander McClure's wonderful voyage, Capt. McClintock's and that of Roald Amundsen 1903-1906. Many other famous explorers, well known to everyone by name, are also dealt with.

Interesting passages from the records of the commanders themselves are quoted verbatim and the reader gets a vivid idea of the terrific hardships and dangers which the men endured and overcame for the purpose of locating the elusive channel between the two oceans, even though it must have been long since realized it could have little practical value if it did exist.

Parry was one of the greatest of Arctic navigators, and the story of his voyages, especially the first, makes excellent reading. McClure's voyage, lasting over four years, when he actually made the circuit of the North and South American continents, though having to abandon his vessel in the undertaking, was another epic. And it must be remembered this was in the days of sailing ships. It is almost incredible to us today that these men should have accomplished what they did without power. Capt. John Ross's *Victory* had the first steam engine to be used in Arctic navigation, and it proved so unsatisfactory it was thrown overboard on arrival in the Arctic, to the relief of the crew, who had toiled unsuccessfully to make it function.

Franklin's overland expeditions, resulting in the discovery of 2,000 miles of our Arctic coast line, were tremendous trials of endurance and heroic endeavour, in which he was ably assisted by Richardson, Back, Hood and other famous men. Thomas Simpson and Peter Warren Dease, servants of our own Hudson's Bay Company, did brilliant work in penetrating to remote parts of the Western Arctic coast, as did also Dr. John Rae, another employee. Every Hudson's Bay man should be familiar with their achievements, which are described in this book.

Roald Amundsen's voyage in the *Gjoa* at the beginning of this century, when he completed the long-sought passage in the only vessel which has ever done so, is fully described. It has added interest for us when we recall our own *Fort James* has covered all but two hundred miles of Amundsen's route through the Arctic.

Altogether there are five hundred pages of as interesting reading as has been brought together on Arctic exploration under one cover. All works of reference are quoted in the bibliography and indicate close research work on the author's part. Not only all Company men, but everyone interested in the North should read "The Search for the North-West Passage."—*R.H.G.B.*

"Hudson's Bay Company, a Brief History." Published by the Company at Hudson's Bay House, London, 1934; sixty-eight pages, 44 illustrations and maps; 75 cents.

WITHIN limitations of sixty-eight pages the effort has been made to compress a truly great story. It is, of course, one of the most stirring stories of commerce and adventure ever known,

and the difficulties of condensation must be apparent to even the most casual reader. This brief history was put together, as the Governor states in the foreword, for two major purposes: "first, to meet the growing public demand for some short narrative, and, second, to encourage the young men entering the service to read more widely of the history of the Great Company; for both they and the Company must benefit from a more real appreciation of great deeds."

The brief history is not being launched into the flood of current literature as a publishing venture with a view to profits, neither is it propaganda, but it is a closely knit narrative answering the questions most generally asked by those who approach the Company's history seeking facts and guidance. It is available to all the Company's service and to the public at cost—seventy-five cents.—*D.M.*

"Documents Relating to the North-West Company." Edited with introduction, notes and appendices by W. Stewart Wallace, M.A., Toronto. Champlain Society Publication XXII, 1934.

ONE approaches a new volume of the Champlain Society publications with the assurance that here will be found sound scholarship, good editing and worthy book making. This latest volume is not disappointing. Material in print relating to the history of the North-West Company has been fragmentary, and Professor Wallace has here assembled important documents from the Company's archives in Hudson's Bay House, the Sulpician Library, Montreal, and other sources, which now comprise the most authoritative book on Nor'Westers yet published. The editor makes a generous acknowledgement in his preface of his great debt to the Governor and Committee, whose permission to reproduce archives' material made the volume possible.

It is economic history, and the documents, together with the historical introduction, make a dramatic narrative of the rise and fall of a great Canadian Company. "The story of the Nor'Westers, though not without its darker pages, is a brilliant chapter in the history of Canada," writes Professor Wallace. "No braver or more picturesque band of adventurers ever put it to the touch, to gain or lose it all. Some of them were French-Canadian traders and voyageurs, the sons of those who had followed La Verendrye to the rivers and prairies of the West in the dying days of the French regime. Others were American frontiersmen who had served their apprenticeship in the fur trade in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Most of them were Scottish Highlanders, the sons of those who had come to Canada in Wolfe's army or as United Empire Loyalists in the American Revolution. The number of them who were connected with that gallant regiment, the 78th, or Fraser's Highlanders, is remarkable; and it is no less remarkable that the numerous Frasers, McTavishes, and McGillivrays, who played such an important part in the history of the North-West Company, nearly all came from Lord Lovat's estates. The names of the North-West Company partners sound like a roll-call of the clans at Culloden. These men were hardy, courageous, shrewd, and proud. They spent a good part of their lives travelling incredible distances in birch-bark canoes, shooting rapids, or navigating inland seas. They were wrecked and drowned. They suffered hunger and starvation. They were robbed and murdered by the Indians, and sometimes by one another. They fell the victims of smallpox, syphilis, and rum. Yet they conquered half a continent, and they built up a commercial empire the like of which North America at least has never seen."

The editor-author makes a definite statement on the controversial subject of the terms of the union. "It is usual to describe the union brought about in 1821 as an amalgamation of the two companies, but it is more accurately described as an absorption of the North-West Company into the Hudson's Bay Company."

There is an appendix to the book which will probably make it more frequently referred to in future than any in the society's series. This is a biographical dictionary of two hundred and sixty Nor'Westers, many of whom became commissioned officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. The casual reader into fur trade history will find these "Who's Who" pages of wonderful value in sorting out the five Camerons, the four Deases, the fourteen Grants, the eight McGillivrays and the seven Frasers and others, whose names are so baffling to any but the thorough student of the period.—*D.M.*

CANADA'S FUR PRODUCTION

FOR the third consecutive year Canada's fur production has recorded increases both in the number and value of pelts taken. The production of raw furs in the twelve months ended June 30, 1934, had a total value of $12,122,293, compared with $10,305,154 in the preceding season and $10,189,481 in the season 1931-32. The number of pelts taken was 6,063,391 in 1933-34, 4,503,558 in 1932-33, and 4,449,289 in 1931-32. Ontario was the principal source of furs, furnishing pelts to the value of $2,230,030, while Alberta came second with a production valued at $1,533,799. Silver fox, as for many years, is of first importance with a total value of $3,711,283. Muskrat is second on the list with $1,863,262, and following closely is mink with $1,822,755. Although the silver fox is of first importance among the fur-bearing animals of the Dominion, it has not the most valuable pelt. That distinction goes to the fisher, whose pelt brought an average price of $53.39, and the silver fox is second with an average price per pelt of $35.83. Fur farming is playing an increasingly important part in the fur trade of Canada, and during the period under review the value of pelts from fur farms amounted to approximately 31 per cent of the whole.

John Buchan, as Guest of the Company, Addresses Rhodes Scholars

The Governor-General Designate of Canada Talks of Cecil Rhodes and the Empire at a Luncheon Given by the Governor and the Deputy Governor to Meet the Canadian and Newfoundland Rhodes Scholars at the Savoy Hotel, London, on 25th April 1935.

THE Governor (Mr. P. Ashley Cooper), and the Deputy Governor (Sir Alexander R. Murray) of the Hudson's Bay Company gave a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel on April 25, 1935, to meet the Canadian and Newfoundland Rhodes Scholars.

The toast of The King was loyally honoured.

The Governor: Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink, in silence, to the memory of Cecil Rhodes.

The toast was honoured.

The Governor: Gentlemen, on behalf of myself and the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, I want to say how glad we are to see you gentlemen, Rhodes Scholars from Canada and Newfoundland, with us today. We are glad to see some of our old friends again and we are equally glad to welcome those who are here for the first time.

Before many years are passed, you will, I hope, be in administrative positions of business or political importance in your countries, where we ourselves have such vital interests. I like to think that we are now getting to know one another so that in after years we may co-operate as old friends in solving the problems which time will set before us.

It is with particular pleasure that I welcome today Mr. John Buchan. (Hear, hear; applause.) Mr. John Buchan will soon take up the great position of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Buchan's name is a household word to the great public who have for so long enjoyed his books—books of so much learning, literary ability and diversity of interests that the circle of his readers is spread far and wide. (Hear, hear.) But, as one may detect in reading his books, Mr. Buchan is also a wise and imaginative thinker; and I am delighted that Canada should get to know and to appreciate what we have for long enjoyed over here—the influence of such a distinguished mind. (Hear, hear; applause.) Finally, gentlemen, I am sure that you will forgive me if I add that I always take a particular pleasure in being able to boast to the world of a brother Scot.

There were present the Governor, Deputy Governor, and the following directors: Mr. George Allan (chairman of the Canadian Committee), Lt.-Col. J. B. P. Karslake, Captain Victor Cazalet, and Sir Edward Peacock (Rhodes trustee), also Mr. John Buchan, M.P. (Governor-General Designate of Canada), Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher (Rhodes trustee), Sir R. Sothern Holland (Rhodes trustee), the Marquess of Lothian (secretary of the Rhodes Trust) Sir Campbell Stuart, Lord Macmillan, Sir Harry McGowan, Maj.-Gen. Sir Percy Cox, Sir Roderick Jones, Sir George McLaren Brown (European general manager, Canadian Pacific Railway Company), Mr. P. A. Clews (European manager, Canadian National Railways) Dr. C. K. Allen (warden, Rhodes House), Mr. E. Millar (assistant secretary, Rhodes Trust), Mr. P. A. Chester (general manager for Canada of the Hudson's Bay Company), Mr. Ralph Parsons (Fur Trade Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Company), Mr. F. A. Stacpole (London manager, Hudson's Bay Company), and nineteen Rhodes Scholars.

In a gathering such as this, our thoughts naturally turn towards the Empire and Cecil Rhodes.

In recent months I have had the inestimable advantage of seeing with my own eyes much of the terrain in which Cecil Rhodes carried out his great work for the British Empire. My travels have taken me to the principal areas wherein his life was lived and his great work accomplished.

I have visited Bishop Stortford, where he was born, Oxford, Cape Town, Kimberley, Bulawayo, Salisbury, Fort Victoria (which you will remember was the scene of bloody massacres), Umtali, the Matopos—his final resting place, and where, earlier, unarmed, he had advanced into the midst of hordes of savages in rebellion and, by his sympathy and their confidence in his justice, had been able to quell a rising which Her Majesty's armed forces had not brought to a decisive conclusion.

History has told us of Rhodes' successes and his failures, but of necessity she can only record for the ordinary man the highlights of his career. You must visit Africa before you have a full grasp of the man and his work. There you can see, not only the monuments to his amazing foresight, initiative and determination, but you will see also evidence of the meticulous care with which every detail was supervised.

I have seen there fruits, the flowers, the trees, flourishing in Africa, not indigenous to the soil, but sought out by him in all the countries of the earth and brought to Africa to benefit his people.

Writers sometimes depict Cecil Rhodes as a ruthless, determined man, often hasty in his conclusions, impetuous in his action; but in Africa you will find ample evidence of the care of his investigations and of his patience. Wherever you go, you will hear stories of his thoughtfulness, his kindness, and his constant and warm-hearted generosity. One of his friends told me that whenever any struggling young man was mentioned to him he would ask: "Is he a worker?" and then "How can I help him?"

The effect of his inspiration is such as I have never experienced in any country. There are men in Africa today, his companions during his lifetime, whose one desire in life is to do what they think he would have wished them to do, and to do it in just the manner in which he would have wished it done.

You, gentlemen, the trustees, and particularly you, the Rhodes Scholars, have the great privilege of interpreting Cecil Rhodes' last will and testament, his wish to create a band of men throughout the world imbued with the desire for public service for the betterment of mankind.

In whatever sphere you choose to do your work, you will need great wisdom, great courage and, what I wish for you most sincerely, the best of luck. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I am going to ask you to drink a toast. You have not done that here before, but I would like to ask you to

drink to the health of the Rhodes Scholars, and upon this occasion I am going to couple it with the name of Mr. John Buchan. I am sure, gentlemen, that you will join with me in wishing to Mr. Buchan Godspeed in the execution of his great office. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I give you the toast of Mr. John Buchan and the Rhodes Scholars. (Applause.)

The toast was enthusiastically honoured.

Mr. John Buchan, M.P.: Mr. Chairman, my lords and gentlemen, this is a very pleasant occasion. I am honoured to be the guest of this ancient and famous Company, as you all are, and I am delighted to meet so many fellow-members of the University of Oxford. But I am told that I have got to talk to you, and it is not very easy after the kind and embarrassing way in which your chairman has introduced me. I feel that I would much rather that you talked to me. I am going in a few months' time to the country from which you come, and there are a great many things that I should like to ask you which would be very valuable for me to know.

I may say one word to begin with about our hosts. I feel that justice has never quite been done in the writing of imperial history to the work of these great companies of merchant adventurers who blazed the trail for the Empire: the Russia Company long ago, the Levantine Company, your own Hudson's Bay Company, and in later times the British Central Africa Company, the Niger Company and the British South Africa Company. I am delighted to hear from your chairman that you are taking your records seriously and that you are founding a record society, for there is no more romantic story, I am sure, in the whole world than the story of Hudson's Bay. (Hear, hear.) These merchant companies were like pointer dogs; they went out to find game, and, unlike badly bred dogs, they did not eat the game, but they brought it back. They did the blazing of the trail and all the pioneer and foundation work, and when they had made the rudiments of a nation the British Empire stepped in and took it over. These were the great days of pioneering, and they are gone, but I do not feel that the work of the chartered companies is done. I believe that we are going to see a revival of that kind of work. Now that I am no longer a politician, I can talk freely, and I believe that in the very difficult business of government in the future we are going to make far more use of the private citizen than we have done in the past. Clearly the state cannot manage great enterprises itself, and I think that the form that you are going to have very much more frequently in the future is some kind of private organization to run works of semi-public importance, managed by private individuals with private capital under the aegis of the state. For example, when things improve I believe that emigration will be properly conducted only on some such lines as a chartered company, which can acquire a great tract of country and, using the best business talent available, can develop that country for purposes of settlement. I believe that chartered companies are going to have in the future a career very different but quite as distinguished as they have had in the past.

I would like to say one word on the subject about which your chairman has spoken, Cecil Rhodes. I had the privilege of knowing him in the last year of his life, when I was a very young man and he was a sick and a dying man. I remember that he gave me a great deal of advice, and I will pass on one bit to you. He said: "As you go through life you will have a lot to do with both rogues and fools." He said: "I prefer rogues. You will find them easier to deal with. You can make your book with the rogue, but the fool is incalculable." I suppose that Cecil Rhodes must rank as one of the two or three greatest Englishmen in the last century of our history, a member of that very small class who were makers of nations, like Bismarck and Cavour. Cecil Rhodes was the most extraordinary great man that I have ever known, because he was the least explicit. He had no power whatever of putting his thoughts into words. He dreamt great dreams and when he tried to expound them they turned out to be ordinary platitudes. Therefore, he was driven from words to deeds. He could only show his faith by doing things: by making Rhodesia, by making that corridor for Britain from the Cape to Cairo, and by his marvellous last will and testament. Mr. Kipling, you will remember, has seized that point in his famous obituary verses. He could only show his dreams in deeds, but he showed them. I agree entirely with what the chairman has said, that Cecil Rhodes' vision of Empire has often been grossly misunderstood. There was no cheap militarism in it. There was none of that bloodshed to the strains of a brass band which seems to be the ordinary definition of imperialism. He had the widest and most humane vision of the Empire. He saw the Empire as an inner fellowship based upon race and tradition, but he saw it also as a subordinate fellowship of a far greater fellowship of the nations. I remember that in almost the last talk that I had with him he asked me my age and I told him that I was twenty-three. He said: "You are young. You will see it all, and I am dying and I will not." But if his spirit can see the development of the Empire since he died I believe that he will be content, for the Empire has developed upon the lines that he foresaw. I am quite certain that Cecil Rhodes would welcome our new conception of the Dominions as an alliance of independent sovereign states bound together by one tradition under one crown, and above all I am very certain that he would welcome the idea of the Empire as the first practical exposition of the League of Nations, a great federation covering a large part of the globe within which there cannot under any conceivable circumstances be any possibility of strife.

Lastly, gentlemen, I want, if I may, to say one word about Oxford. I believe that the secret of success in life is the amassing of loyalties. After my own national loyalty I think that I am inclined to put Oxford next. It is a most extraordinary place, as you have discovered. It is a kind of microcosm of the British Empire, for there you have, as in our Empire, the strongest minor attachments and loyalties, the most vigorous of college patriotisms. My own college was Brasenose, and I defy anyone to say that there is a better. I hope that every person here will say the same thing about his college. In the old days these college loyalties were very strenuous affairs. As an Irishman said, the colleges fought bitter and regular, like man and wife. You had a group of northern colleges, like Brasenose and others, which were always allied against the western and southern colleges. Wadham, for example, was a western foundation, a west country college. When James the First came to the throne of England he had the audacity to attempt to put in a Scotsman as a Fellow of Wadham. The governing body of Wadham rose as one man. They said: "Sir, we are loyal subjects of Your Majesty, and we desire to obey Your Majesty in all things, but to make a Scotsman a Fellow of our college would be hateful to Almighty God." (Laughter.) But with all this vigorous college loyalty then and today you have, as in the Empire, the over-mastering loyalty of Oxford itself.

Oxford is a microcosm in another way: She is a microcosm of England. To understand Oxford will enable you to understand England. England is an extraordinarily difficult thing to understand for a foreigner like myself, and most of you gentlemen. She does not wear her heart on her sleeve. She is a bundle of paradoxes. She has many sacred things which she loves to make light of. She is the most wonderful flat-catcher in the world. It takes a long time to understand the meaning of England. She has an extraordinary gift for under-statement, or what grammarians call meiosis. I remember once during the War visiting a section of the line in the course of my duties where an English regiment was next door to an American regiment. There had been a "strafe" that morning. I talked to an American corporal, and he gave me a most wonderful description of it, a magnificent piece of pictorial prose. I talked to an English sergeant, and I said: "You have had some trouble this morning." He said: "Well, sir, the kaiser, he was a bit 'asty." That curious quality of understatement of England is something to which we have got to get accustomed.

I do not believe that there is any better place for understanding England than Oxford, for there you realize what England is built upon, a long descent and close touch with her long history, and, at the same time, open eyes to the future. That combination gives you the most valuable things in life, a clean critical mind, and a true sense of perspective. If you acquire the spirit of Oxford you will acquire these things, and there is no greater blessing in life, for no man, and no country, can face the future with confidence and hope unless they are deeply rooted in the past. Oxford is very old, and she is also very young. She is alive to every modern problem, but, at the same time, she never loses touch with her ancestry. She changes often with dazzling rapidity, but she always remains the same. Gentlemen, you will not be far wrong if you think of Oxford as a type of that City of the Soul which we all, individuals and nations alike, must build for ourselves if we would fulfil our destiny.

Oxford gives you these great advantages but, remember, that Oxford exacts a price. She is an old witch, and once she casts her spell upon you you will never get away from it. Once you accept her you are bound for life to an honourable bondage. You may never see her again after you go down, but you will only be let off on a ticket of leave, and, what is more, you will never want to be released. You will have all kinds of other loyalties: loyalty to the Empire, to your own nation, to your own home, to your profession, and your old university, but there will be no loyalty stronger than hers. You will never forget Oxford, and you will always be proud to call yourself her servants and her sons. (Applause.)

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

DURING the past three months we have had the pleasure of seeing the following gentlemen in London: Mr. G. W. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee; Mr. P. A. Chester, General Manager for Canada; Mr. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner; Mr. H. P. Warne and Mr. W. Conn, Fur Trade Commissioner's office.

On 25th April, the Governor and the Deputy Governor held a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel in honour of the Canadian and Newfoundland Rhodes scholars.

Amongst the distinguished company present were: Sir Edward Peacock, G.C.V.O., Lt.-Col. J. B. P. Karslake, J. P., Captain Victor Cazalet, M.C., M.P., Mr. G. W. Allan, K.C., Mr. P. A. Chester, Mr. Ralph Parsons, Mr. F. A. Stacpole, Mr. John Buchan, Governor-General Designate of the Dominion of Canada, Colonel Sir George McLaren Brown, K.B.E., European general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Mr. P. A. Clews, European manager, Canadian National Railways, and Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E.

The following Rhodes scholars were present: Messrs. F. M. Bourne, W. T. Brown, J. Chapdelaine, A. G. Cooper, G. S. Cowan, R. Duder, W. J. Garnett, L. C. Hawco, W. R. Jackett, P. L'Ecuyer, D. C. P. Lloyd, A. D. McLachlin, P. D. McTaggart-Cowan, W. L. Morton, J. E. Nadeau, S. Rands, D. P. Wallace.

Mr. Fred Smith, one of the most experienced musquash sorters in the warehouse, has been presented by the Governor and Committee with a gold watch suitably inscribed to mark the completion of fifty years in the Company's service.

The following members of the Canadian Fur Trade staff have recently spent part of their leave studying the grading of furs in the London warehouse: Messrs. J. C. McGibbon, St. Lawrence-Ungava; J. G. Cormack, St. Lawrence-Ungava; Fred Hansley, Mackenzie-Athabasca; W. A. Heslop, Nelson River; F. B. Milne, Western Arctic; R. H. Kilgour, Western Arctic; and J. A. Burgesse, St. Lawrence-Ungava.

On 18th March Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks delivered a lecture at the Bermondsey Central Library on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. The lecture was illustrated with films relating to the Company's activities. It was extremely well received and has subsequently been published in the *Fur Record*.

A deposition made by Radisson in 1694 has recently been discovered in the Public Record office which shows that in or about 1662 he and des Groseilliers, when on their way to France, went to New England and there discoursing with Colonel Nicoll, governor of New York, and with other Englishmen, were persuaded by them to proceed to England instead of to France and to lay before King Charles II their scheme for settling factories in Hudson Bay.

They obtained an interview with the King in 1665, but owing to the Dutch wars the venture to Hudson Bay did not actually take place until three years later, that is in 1668.

Another interesting document which has recently come to light is a lengthy report of John Nixon, Governor of Hudson Bay in 1682. This has been discovered in the Boyle papers amongst the records of the Royal Society.

Reference was made to the anniversary of the Company's foundation in the special Empire programme broadcast from London at 1.45 a.m., London time, on the morning of 3rd May. It will be interesting to hear if any of the Company's staff in Canada heard this broadcast.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

The Fur Trade Commissioner left Winnipeg on March 16 for England, sailing on the *Majestic* from New York. He arrived back in New York on the *Georgic* and, after stopping off at Montreal for a day or two, reached Winnipeg May 17. He will leave again shortly on an inspection trip that will include the north shore posts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Labrador posts probably as far north as Hebron. The trip will be made on the Company's motor vessel *Fort Amadjuak*, which is now being made ready at Lachine, Quebec.

H. P. Warne accompanied the Fur Trade Commissioner to London and attended the Company's May sale. He returned on the *Georgic* to New York and visited eastern fur purchasing agencies on his way back.

W. M. Conn is at present enjoying a long deferred holiday in Northern Ireland, having sailed from New York on the *Transylvania* April 13. This is his first visit to his native land since he left it twenty-three years ago.

The *Nascopie* is being prepared at Halifax for her 1935 voyage to the Eastern Arctic. Captain Smellie left Winnipeg at the end of April to supervise her overhaul and make preparations for the voyage.

Among out of town visitors at the office during the past few months we note the following: Fred Gaudet, retired employee, from St. Lambert, Que., who passed through on his return from a visit to the Coast; Bishop Turquetil, on his way from Churchill to Montreal; W. Hutton, retired employee, from The Pas; Mrs. H. M. S. Cotter, The Pas; Thomas Fraser, of Alfred Fraser, Inc., New York; Col. J. K. Cornwall, Edmonton; Bishop Dewdney of Keewatin; Bishop Breynat and Father Lefebvre, of the Mackenzie River; Bishop Geddes, of the Yukon; Archdeacon Faries, of York Factory, and "Punch" Dickens, of Canadian Airways, Edmonton.

At the fur purchasing agencies the following changes have been noted: The Calgary, Prince Rupert and Quebec agencies have been closed for the season; N. Wilding and J. Woolison have been transferred to the Mackenzie River Transport; A. M. Jones is at Seattle; L. G. Tasse is assisting at Montreal; S. C. Loffree, who underwent a serious operation some time ago, is now recovered and is back at work at the Toronto agency; G. Harris has gone to Temagami for the summer months.

W. Black visited the line posts in the Superior-Huron and British Columbia districts during the past quarter.

The Company's fur farm at Bird's Hill is having a very successful season according to the reports coming in from day to day. The best day yielded twenty-one fox pups from three litters, a six, seven and an eight, all alive and healthy.

W. Blowey reports that there is a marked increase in the number of muskrats at the Steep Rock marsh this spring.

W. Wright, at Bird's Hill, suffered a sad loss in the death of his elder daughter on February 15.

W. O. Douglas visited the Steep Rock marsh during the latter part of March.

It is with regret that we have to record the passing of two old employees: Joseph Lyons, who joined the Company in 1876 and retired as manager of the Winnipeg Depot hardware in 1924, and Donald Gillies, who entered the service in 1878 and after thirty-six years' service at various posts in James Bay retired in 1914.

The Fur Trade News is always as timely as the quarterly "Beaver" can make it, with the result that it is received at the latest possible hour. Regretably the space allotted to the district news in this issue was not adequate and some items had to be omitted. It is hoped that those who contribute this very important material will continue, undiscouraged, to send their usual generous accounts of who's who and what's new for future "Beavers." —Ed.

British Columbia District

During the latter part of February the Fur Trade Commissioner and R. H. G. Bonnycastle visited Hazelton, Kitwanga and Port Simpson, and proceeded from there to Vancouver by way of Prince Rupert. The district manager met them at Smithers and travelled with them to Hazelton and Kitwanga; he then left to inspect Babine, and later visited Stewart, B.C., before returning to Vancouver.

While on his trip the district manager visited Prince George and made arrangements for Mr. Chas. H. Van Somer to handle our freight to McLeod's Lake, Fort Grahame, Whitewater and Finlay Forks during the coming season.

Navigation on the Stikine river is expected to commence about the middle of May, and in this connection Mr. A. W. H. Smith, of the Barrington Transportation Company, called at district office to discuss freighting from Wrangell to Telegraph Creek. Messrs. Marion & Hope will again freight for us across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake, and on lake and river from the latter point to McDames Creek and Liard.

W. G. Crisp, of Kitwanga, underwent an operation for appendicitis early in March. During his absence W. L. Burk carried on at the post, with the assistance of Alan W. Gray, who was temporarily transferred from Hazelton. Mr. Crisp visited district office during his convalescence and was able to return to duty at the end of the month.

Among the recent visitors to district office in Vancouver were: A. H. Doe, of the Stores Construction Department; C. E. Joslyn, manager, Land Department; and W. Black, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office. Mr. Black, accompanied by Mr. Doe, visited a number of points in British Columbia with a view to extending our operations. Mr. Black also visited Fort St. James, Hazelton, Kitwanga and Port Simpson posts.

On 8th April our Old Fort Babine post was completely destroyed by fire. The building was rented and used as a combined store and dwelling, and, while most of our equipment was lost, we were able, through the efforts of the manager, assisted by some of the natives, to save the bulk of the merchandise. We are carrying on in another rented building until such time as it is definitely decided whether we build or not.

A scarcity of moose and caribou is reported from Whitewater and Fort Grahame, with the result that there is a shortage of fresh meat in that district.

By the time this goes to press, Wm. Glennie, formerly of Nelson River district and at present assisting at Hazelton, will have been transferred to the charge of McDames Creek post, relieving T. A. Perry.

There is likely to be considerable mining activity in the vicinity of McDames Creek this summer, as it is reported there is evidence of a large gold ore body.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

The Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by R. H. G. Bonnycastle, visited Edmonton in February on his way west.

Inspector John Milne arrived at Edmonton 16th March, having come out from Fort Nelson by dog-team via Fort St. John. On 19th March he left for Fort Chipewyan, travelling to Fort McMurray by train and from Fort McMurray to Fort Chipewyan by aeroplane.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Clark, who have recently spent their furlough in New Zealand, and L. A. C. O. Hunt, who spent his furlough in England, returned to Canada at the end of March, and Mr. Bruce Clark is temporarily assisting at Fort McMurray but will take charge of a post after open water. Mr. Hunt will temporarily assist at Fort Chipewyan until open water, when he also will be placed in charge of a post.

W. T. Winchester, assistant at Fort McMurray post, proceeded to Scotland on furlough in April.

The district manager, after visiting several Mackenzie River section posts as far down as Fort Smith, also visited the Peace River section posts and returned to Edmonton in the middle of March.

Visitors to Edmonton during March were: W. Black, of our Winnipeg Office; W. G. Purcell, who is proceeding to the coast after a strenuous trapping season in the Western Arctic; I. M. McKinnon, of LeGoff post, was also a visitor to Edmonton in March.

The Edmonton depot has moved and is located at 10149 104th Street.

Although L. A. C. O. Hunt never told us anything about it when passing through Edmonton, we read in the press the following interesting news: "Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hunt, of London, England, announce the engagement of their son, Leonard, of Fort Chipewyan, Alberta, to Helene, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alberta Revers, of Montlieu, Charente Inferieure, France."

The Peace river at Peace River town broke up and the ice went out on Monday, 22nd April, 1935.

J. J. Loutit, of Fort Chipewyan post, left Fort McMurray on his annual fur spring buying trip down the Athabasca river on 2nd May. The trip is being made by scow and Mr. Loutit is said to be the first to get away from Fort McMurray since the river opened up this spring.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. A. N. Blake at Fort McPherson, Northwest Territories, on Wednesday, 24th April. Mr. Blake is survived by a widow and a fairly large family to whom our sincere sympathy is extended.

Mackenzie River Transport

Right Rev. A. H. Sovereign, Bishop of Athabasca, has returned from a very successful visit to the Old Country. Money raised in England would provide new churches, new rectories and funds for greater missionary work in the diocese.

Congratulations to Mr. M. L. Ryan, of Ryan Brothers, Smith Portage contractors, on the occasion of his wedding, which took place during his recent visit to Winnipeg. Miss Swain, of Edmonton, Alberta, was the bride.

L. D. Hughes, of Winnipeg depot, took over the duties of accountant to the Transport Department on March 12th, vice G. H. McKay, transferred to Winnipeg depot.

J. A. Davis, shipyard foreman, left Winnipeg for Tar Island shipyard on 22nd March to start the work of overhauling the various craft at that point in readiness for open water.

Father J. C. Lefebvre called at the Winnipeg office and discussed various transport matters on his way through from Montreal to Fort McMurray.

The manager visited the mining companies in Toronto during April and on his return to Winnipeg proceeded to Peace River in connection with the boats operated from that point.

The balance of the staff moved from Winnipeg towards the end of April and opened up the summer at Waterways. Mr. Wilding, who is attached to the Transport Department for the summer, arrived at Waterways April 24th.

F. Hansley, of Waterways warehouse, called at the Winnipeg office on his return from a trip to the Old Country on April 3rd.

Western Arctic District

Inspector Wm. Gibson has continued his inspection of the eastern section of the district, visiting Bathurst Inlet, Fort Hearne, Reid Island and Bernard Harbour, from where he will continue to Tuktoyaktuk on board the *Fort James* at the opening of navigation.

Mr. Gibson travelled as far as Kugaryuak by snowmobile, where engine trouble developed and he took to the slower but surer dog-team pending repairs. Certain structural weaknesses developed in the machine, due to the unusual nature of the conditions met with, but these were largely overcome with the help of George McLeod, who can repair anything from a sewing machine to a ship. Some 1,200 miles were covered this winter and with the engine trouble cured many more should be added.

Much to our disappointment, the schooner *Sea Otter*, which left Tuktoyaktuk last September with supplies for Fort Collinson, was unable to reach its destination before freeze-up and was forced to winter at De Salis Bay on Banksland. The weather conditions of last fall will long be remembered in the Western Arctic for their severity.

Capt. R. J. Summers reports all well and comfortable on board the *Fort James* during the winter. We think the Christmas programme carried out by Capt. Summers, Engineer Larry White, Seamen Isaac Mercer and W. Starkes and Trapper Harry Sites, who joined the crew for Christmas, reflects credit on all of the participants. Here it is:

1. Two songs, "Memories" and "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor," Seaman Isaac Mercer.
2. Song, "Don't Call Us Common Sailors Any More," Seaman Starkes.
3. Song, "In the Boxcar," Trapper Harry Sites.
4. Song, "In the Moonlight," Engineer Larry White.
5. Monologue, "Three Wishes," Captain Summers.
6. "Extracts from *Beaver* re Old Time Christmas's by H B C Employees," Captain Summers.
7. Chorus, "Ode to Newfoundland," Messrs. White, Starkes and Mercer.
8. Duet, "My Little Grey Home in the West," Messrs. White and Mercer.

Next each man present proposed three healths—in each case the health of the proposer's own family was his first toast, after which came prosperity to the Company and a successful season of navigation in 1935. Finally the crew pledged their loyalty to Capt. Summers, singing "We'll

Never Let the Old Flag Fall," after which "God Save the King" brought a happy evening to a close just 1,500 miles north of Winnipeg.

Apprentice Ian Wilson, who was destined for Bathurst Inlet last fall but was compelled to spend the winter at Coppermine owing to the lateness of the season on his arrival there, has now proceeded to his original destination by dog-team.

Arrangements have been made with the Department of National Defence to establish a temporary radio station at Tuktoyaktuk for the current season of navigation. This will serve a definite want and contribute to the growing importance of this point.

Our old friend P. Patmore will be missing this year in the Western Arctic to the great regret of everyone there. He goes to Montreal to load the *Nascopie*, while his good work at Tuktoyaktuk will be ably carried on by J. Neely, of Regina fur purchasing agency, whom we heartily welcome to this interesting and active spot on the shore of the Arctic Ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnston were transferred to Alkavik from Herschel Island in April, making the trip by dog-team. Mr. Johnson will remain with J. H. Bonshor preparatory to taking over the post in the fall, when Mr. and Mrs. Bonshor come out on furlough.

Saskatchewan District

G. C. M. Collins, manager at Norway House post, arrived in Winnipeg on February 18 to undergo medical treatment, and returned to his post on February 24.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. McEwan, Lac la Ronge, on the birth of a son on February 27.

A. M. Chalmers, manager at Fort Alexander post, visited us in March.

J. G. Boyd, temporarily in charge of Cross Lake post, returned to Winnipeg on March 28. He reports that Mr. Denton has now fully recovered from his illness and has again taken over his duties. Mr. Boyd has had to undergo an operation himself but is progressing favourably.

Rev. W. W. Shoup, United Church missionary, paid us a visit on March 12.

J. A. Ross, Stanley, accompanied Mrs. Ross to Winnipeg, arriving on March 21. We understand Mrs. Ross has to undergo medical treatment and will be detained in Winnipeg for some considerable time. We also wish Mrs. Ross a speedy recovery.

According to a report received from Beren's River post, D. Paterson, manager at that point, had a severe attack of influenza during March. We are pleased to hear that he has now fully recovered and is on duty again.

Mr. Floyd Brooks, of Brooks Airways Limited, Prince Albert, paid a visit to the office this month. We also had a visit from Mr. Mayson of the M. & C. Aviation Company, Saskatoon.

We welcome to Saskatchewan district Andrew Stewart and Robert Rankin, who have been engaged as apprentice clerks and appointed to Fort Alexander and Beren's River respectively.

Our visitors to district office in April included the following: D. J. Birse and C. Richardson, prospectors, who are again returning to the God's Lake region for the summer; G. C. M. Collins, manager of Norway House post, who arrived in Winnipeg on April 10 on business connected with the freighting of mining supplies from Norway House to points north; Sergeant Rose and Staff Sergeant Nelson, of The Pas detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who were in Winnipeg in April, during which time they were invested with long service medals by the Governor-General.

W. W. Lowrie, of Fort Alexander post, has been transferred to Lac la Ronge post as assistant, replacing J. D. Law, who has been appointed to temporary charge of Stanley.

Factor R. A. Talbot, district manager, and W. C. Rothnie returned to the office on April 5, having completed a 2,500 mile journey. All posts in the Isle a la Crosse sector were visited, also visited Souris River, Lac la Ronge and Stanley. Montreal Lake and Pelican Narrows were also inspected, and the return to Winnipeg made via Cross Lake, Norway House, Poplar River and Beren's River posts. A stay of eleven and a half days at Cross Lake was unlooked for on account of weather conditions, when flying was at an absolute standstill.

Nelson River District

W. E. Brown, acting district manager, completed his winter inspection trip of the Northern Manitoba posts and returned to Winnipeg on 21st March, 1935.

The R. C. M. Police winter packet from Chesterfield Inlet arrived at Churchill on 15th March with mail from Baker Lake, Chesterfield, Tavane, Eskimo Point, Padley and Nonala posts. The staff at these points are all in excellent health.

S. J. (Lofty) Stewart, manager of Chesterfield Inlet post, accompanied the police packet to Churchill and arrived in Winnipeg with the district manager on 21st March. He intends to spend a few days in Winnipeg and will then proceed to Scotland for a well earned furlough. J. M. S. McLeod, until recently clerk at Baker Lake post is temporarily in charge of Chesterfield Inlet post and will remain there until S. J. Stewart returns.

Jean Caux, of Severn, Ontario, visited district office towards the end of March, bringing mail and up-to-date news from that point. Mr. Caux is undoubtedly one of the "hardy pioneers," for he walked all the way, dragging a toboggan, from Severn, Ontario, to Gillam, Manitoba, at which point he took the train for Winnipeg. He informs us that he has purchased a farm in the vicinity of Winnipeg and intends to apply his energies in that direction in future.

March 30 was a red letter day for Churchill. A dog derby, sponsored by Churchill's progressive board of trade, formed the feature attraction. The race was over a course starting at the Company's store at New Churchill, across to the old post and back to the starting point. The race was won by Carl Johnson in an elapsed time of one hour eight minutes and twenty seconds. A bridge drive and dance marked the end of the day's activities and was voted a big success.

S. A. Keighley, manager of Caribou post, made a trip to Churchill by dog-team in order to arrange for the freighting of his spring supplies. W. J. Harvey, who spent the winter at Caribou, accompanied him and is now located at Fort Churchill until "open water," when he will resume his summer duties on the M.S. *Fort Severn*.

Amongst the visitors to this office during the last month were J. Moar, of Wings Limited, and C. M. Gordon, of Pine Falls. The latter is a son of the late C. H. M. Gordon, a Company pensioner.

Superior-Huron District

District Manager M. Cowan left Winnipeg on 16th March to inspect Temagami, Mattice, Peterbell, Missanabie, Montizambert, Nipigon and Dinorwic posts.

W. Black, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, visited Nipigon, Montizambert, Missanabie and Dinorwic posts during February and March.

W. H. Houston, formerly at Moose Factory, has been stationed at Sioux Lookout post for several months.

S. A. Taylor, manager of Long Lake post, was a visitor to Winnipeg for several days during March.

Two live fisher have lately been shipped from Lansdowne House post to the Company's fur farm at Bird's Hill. In spite of their long trip in small cages, the animals arrived in very good condition.

The tram line across the Ear Falls portage is being rebuilt. It is proposed to put in a double track and an electric hoist will replace the steam one previously used.

A. L. Hill, clerk in charge of St. Anthony Mines outpost, and M. A. Wakeman, clerk at Bucke post, were recent visitors at district office.

R. A. de Denus, of Winnipeg, has been engaged for service at Mattice post, and left for that point on the evening of 25th April.

G. McKeon, of the Winnipeg retail store, will visit Hudson, Sioux Lookout, Nipigon and Red Lake posts early in May on a special made-to-measure suit and overcoat sales campaign.

A new aeroplane service has been instituted between Minaki and Red Lake. The first plane left Minaki on the 5th instant.

James Bay District

Considerable excitement was occasioned among the natives on Agamiski island by the appearance of a large Greenland whale, which had evidently wandered far from its native haunts and had grounded on the shoals of Agamiski island late in the fall. We hear wonderful stories as to its tremendous size, and evidently it is of quite sizable proportions and will provide excellent food for the hungry Indian dogs for many months.

The Arctic Fisheries Limited made a visit to Moosonee and Moose Factory recently with a view to completing temporary arrangements for fishing operations on the east coast of James Bay. They stayed two weeks at the terminus, during which time they built tractor cabooses, but due to some hitch over fishing permits they were obliged to withdraw for the present. They expect, however, to make a survey in the fall of 1935 with a view to undertaking commercial fishing operations next winter. On being told of the possibilities of commercial fishing operations, an old Indian remarked, "What does the white man want with our fish anyway! He has plenty of money and plenty of food in his own country and why should he take fish from the poor Indians?"

Mrs. J. S. C. Watt, after being incapacitated all winter, has recently come out to

civilization for medical treatment. Her daughter Jacqueline accompanied her and is now attending school in North Bay, while Master Hugo stays behind to keep his father company at Rupert's House. Mrs. W. R. Cargill also came "outside" at the end of March for the purpose of receiving dental treatment in the city of Winnipeg.

Norman Ross returned from furlough in the Old Country at the end of March and will take up duty as transport manager at Moosonee for season 1935.

Messrs. Carson and Boyd visited Albany and Fort George in February. Both are in good health and feeling very fit and hardy after their snowshoe trips from the interior.

We regret having to report the accidental death of one of our hunters of Agamiski island. He was preparing a camp in the vicinity of one of the old post buildings on the island and had occasion to chop down one of the beams. Unfortunately the roof was heavily laden with snow and as soon as he released the beam the weight struck him to the ground and he became smothered with snow so that when his companions had succeeded in digging him out life was found to be extinct.

C. D. Twiner paid a hurried visit to Montreal recently on the occasion of the death of his father, and we extend to him our condolences. We regret also having to report that Baby Dorothy Watt, of Fort George post, died suddenly of pneumonia early in the winter. We ask Mr. and Mrs. Watt to accept our sincere sympathy.

E. G. Cadney, who is at present installing a new engine in the Revillon inspection boat *Dorothy*, was a recent visitor to Moose Factory. We also had the pleasure of a visit from Mesdames Cotter and Louttit, and on this occasion Mrs. Cotter told us a story.

On 15th April we received at district office our first news from Belcher Islands this winter. Post Manager R. Cruickshank visited Great Whale River early in March, but unfortunately he did not connect with the district manager. We learned, however, that all is well at Belcher Islands and that the post manager has been in good health. On his return from Great Whale River he took with him Apprentice B. C. Bailey, who will have his first experience in Arctic trading.

On 11th April Corporal E. S. Covell left Moose Factory, where he had been in charge of the detachment for five years, and has now been transferred for duty in Toronto. During his period of duty at Moose Factory Corporal Covell had earned the respect and confidence of whites and natives alike. He is an officer of high calibre, courteous, tactful and withall very firm in the execution of his duties, and in particular he was a real friend and guide to the natives, who had every confidence in him. The staff of James Bay district wish Corporal Covell every success in his new sphere. Constable L. W. Hopkins will now be in charge of the detachment at Moose Factory, assisted by Constable Wilson and Special Constable Clifford Moore.

It is with regret that we have to record the passing of Donald Gillies, who died at Southampton, Ontario, on 20th March 1935, and we extend to his family our sincere condolences. Donald Gillies spent his entire career with the Company in the service of James Bay district. Born at Plockton, Scotland, on 21st October 1859, he entered the service 1st June 1878, and was stationed for three years at Moose Factory as apprentice clerk. He was rapidly promoted to the position of post manager, and in 1881 took charge of Little Whale River, where he remained for seven years, being removed to the charge of Great Whale River in 1898. After three years in charge of Great Whale River he became post manager at Fort George from 1901 to 1909. In this latter year he was transferred to the charge of Albany post, which was then an important centre, being a subsection of the James Bay district, controlling all the posts up the Albany river. Donald Gillies spent five years at Albany and retired on pension in 1914. His passing removes one of the picturesque traders of a generation which has now departed. A picturesque and breezy figure, he was one of the outstanding traders in James Bay district for a number of years.

Rev. R. E. Joselyn, of St. Paul's mission, Albany, made his customary winter visit to Kapisko, Lawashie and to Attawapiskat.

Rev. Father Beaudet visited Moose Factory in April, leaving on the return journey from Moosonee to Albany on 15th April. He took back a tractor load of supplies for the mission and also the fine team of grey horses which were used at the mission at Moosonee for the past three years. This team will in future be attached to the Lake St. Anne mission at Albany.

St. Lawrence-Ungava District

The Fur Trade Commissioner stopped over for a short visit on his way to England. He was accompanied by H. P. Warne, superintendent of fur purchasing agencies.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game took place on 16th March at the Windsor Hotel. Hon. J. N. Francoeur, minister of the Department of Colonization, Game and Fisheries, was present and gave an address. A number of the district office staff attended.

P. A. Chester, General Manager, paid us a visit, en route to England via New York.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ritchie on the birth of their son at Chibougamau March 2, 1935.

Post Manager Fred McLeod returned to Woswonaby with his family, having benefited from medical attention received during his visit to Cochrane, Ontario.

The staff of the Northern posts will be pleased to hear that Inspector T. V. Sandys-Wunsch of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police has been promoted to the rank of superintendent.

Captain T. F. Smellie spent a few days in Montreal making arrangements in connection with the S.S. *Nascopie's* 1935 Northern voyage.

Apprentice James Stevenson has been placed temporarily in charge of Grand Lake outpost during H. Conn's absence visiting Ottawa.

Apprentice Herman Graham, of Woswonaby post, recently visited Montreal and has since returned to his post.

D. Goodyear has been transferred from La Sarre post to Weymontachingue post.

We had the pleasure of welcoming J. W. Anderson, manager of James Bay district, at Oskelaneo post, from which point he commenced his flight to Neoskweskau and Nemaska. An enforced stop-over, due to bad weather, was made at Mistassinny, where Mr. Anderson renewed former acquaintances at his old post. He was accompanied by Pilot McCory and Air Engineer Alec Ross.

W. C. Newbury recently inspected Bersimis and Seven Islands posts.

A son, Bernard Ashley, was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Beare, of Romaine post, on 10th February 1935.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. R. McNeil Howell on the birth of a daughter at Montreal 26th April 1935.

A. E. Briard resumed charge of Senneterre post in April.

E. J. Haight recently visited Montreal.

W. A. Wickham returned from England, where he has been on furlough. He spent some time at the London warehouse receiving instruction in fur grading. He is at present assistant at Pointe Bleue post.

A radio receiving and broadcasting set has been installed at Chibougamau and will be operated in conjunction with the Canadian Airways Limited at Oskelaneo.

Geo. Fowlie, of Pointe Bleue, recently visited district office for the purpose of buying merchandise.

S. J. Stewart, of Chesterfield Inlet, passed through Montreal en route to Scotland and called at the office. James Thom was another visitor, having come up from Toronto, where he has been receiving medical attention.

Hugh Conn, of Grand Lake Victoria, called on his way to Ottawa. He will be returning at first open water.

W. C. Newbury visited Boston and Gloucester, Mass., where he went over the plants of the Marden Wilde and Gorton Pew Companies.

J. H. A. Wilmot recently inspected Mistassinny, Chibougamau, Obijuan, Barriere, Grand Lake and Woswonaby.

Labrador District

During the last week in February we removed from the offices occupied by us in the Hearne building to a suite adjoining those of Messrs. Job Brothers & Company Limited in the Job building. Our present offices provide advantages in many respects over those which we had previously occupied.

On March 6 the sealing fleet, consisting of nine steamers with crews approximating 1400 men, sailed for the ice fields. All steamers with the exception of the *Ranger* sailed for the "front" of the island, while the latter is prosecuting the hunt in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The catch to date of approximately 100,000 is only about half the number taken to the same date last year.

Hon. R. B. Job and W. F. Hutchinson, of Job Brothers & Co. Limited, sailed for England on March 12.

A new departure in shipping furs from Labrador was put into effect during the last week in March, a plane being dispatched from Seven Islands to bring out returns from Northwest River post.

Among the visitors to the office were the following: Harold Andrews, of Port de Grave, R. Watson of the Dominion Ammunition Company; I. J. Mifflin, former chairman of the Liquor Control Board; and R. I. Mercer, late of Nain post, who is now on furlough.

Captain Dawe, of the M.S. *Fort Garry*, paid a visit during the month to discuss the itineraries and other matters in connection with the operation of the ship during the coming summer.

Tadoussac, the Company and the King's Posts

(Continued from Page 12)

between the seashore and the interior, pillaging wrecks, or anything else which the waves cast in their way, and killing a few straggling beavers, martens, or otters, but "in the spring, when they no longer stand in need of the assistance of the Company's stores, they kick up their heels and fire a broadside for the bourgeois, one for the clerk, and another for the *engages*."

Rum was evidently a time honoured institution among the King's Posts, for, although the sale of liquor to the Indians was prohibited during the early years of the British regime, the restriction did not apply to the King's Domain.

As the North-West Company's lease did not expire until 1822, the Hudson's Bay Company automatically took over the King's Posts for a year after the amalgamation. When the monopoly was again offered at auction, John Goudie, shipbuilder, of Quebec, put in the highest bid and took over the domain on a twenty-year lease; but the next year, 1823, he transferred two thirds of his rights to James McDoual, who in turn sold his share in 1824 to his former partner, William Lampson, representing "a mercantile house in Boston." Four years later, Lampson bought the remaining third from Goudie, and finally, in 1831, he transferred his whole interest in the King's Posts to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Shortly before this a movement had been set on foot for the settlement of the country around the Upper Saguenay. A government expedition had been sent out in 1828 to explore that district and reported that much of the land there was fit for cultivation. The legislative assembly therefore petitioned the Crown in 1836 not to renew the lease to the Company when it should expire in 1842, but instead throw the King's Domain open for settlement the same as other wild lands. The Company naturally objected, and Governor Pelly made representations to the British government, requesting a renewal of the lease on the grounds that it was the only means of keeping peace there.

He pointed out that the domain was of little material benefit to the Company, the operations of the previous year (1838) having been conducted at a loss. Their particular object, he said, was to maintain in their own territory the restriction on the use of liquor, and all the other regulations which had improved the condition of the Indians, who numbered about four hundred and had always been accustomed to the protection and care of the successive lessees of the posts. They had no agricultural habits, and were not likely to acquire any in that generation.

The Executive Council at Quebec agreed that, before the country was thrown open to settlement, some provision should be made for these Indians, and the Company's offer seemed to them the best way out. The lease was therefore renewed for twenty-one years at the reduced annual rental of £600, but it provided that the Crown should have the right to grant any part for settlement.

Perhaps the most notable inhabitant—in the light of present day knowledge—of the King's Posts in those days was a young apprentice clerk called Donald Smith, better known today as Lord Strathcona, who was sent to Tadoussac in 1841 by Sir George Simpson. "We rallied Mr. Smith a good deal on his appointment," one of his fellow apprentices wrote home, "his uncle having been the great Chief Factor Stuart, he thought he would have been sent to the neighbourhood of the Columbia." From Tadoussac he was sent down river, and was transferred from post to post (there were then only six) until he got to know the King's Domain pretty well. Altogether he was seven years in that region, and in later life was heard to say that those he spent in the Saguenay district made the deepest impression on his mind. "Indeed, it is not too much to assert," say his biographer, "that the Saguenay left a lasting mark upon his character."

Another interesting figure, of a different sort, who was associated with the Eastern Canada posts at this time was Joseph Hovington, whose descendants still live in Tadoussac. After spending some forty years at sea, Hovington was given the job, about 1845, of building a trading schooner there for the Company—the first ship ever built on the Saguenay—and when she was complete he was appointed to command her. For twelve years he used the *Saguenay*, as she was called, for fur trading from that river as far as Labrador and Esquimaux Bay, but when the post at Tadoussac was broken up he was discharged. Captain Hovington was interviewed in 1871, at the age of seventy-six, by a writer in the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and it may be of interest to quote here from that weekly some of his remarks about fur trading at Tadoussac in the '40's and '50's:

"Tadoussac was at that time a great trading post. The Indians were in the habit of coming down from the upper Saguenay in bark canoes once a year. A beaver skin was worth two castors, or one dollar. A black fox skin usually brought twelve castors in trade and a silver fox about four. Some of the Indians who came to the post were pretty well off and had from £200 to £500 in the hands of the Company. The wealthy chiefs, when they arrived at the post, generally changed their costume and put on dress clothes, in which they swelled about during the time of their stay; but as soon as they were about to depart they took off their good clothes and left them with the Company until their return the next year."

The appearance of the post about this time may be seen in the accompanying illustration, which has been taken from the frontispiece to R. M. Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay." It was evidently sketched by the author during his visit there in 1846 and, together with other sketches of the place, enables us to identify the post house in the photo of Tadoussac in 1865. By these it will be seen that it occupied almost exactly the same site as Chauvin's post of 1600, which is shown in Champlain's map—that is, a spot on what is now the lawn of the Canada Steamship Lines hotel, just in front of the west end of the present building and on the edge of the plateau above the brook. The building, which measured sixty by twenty feet in 1828, was probably used and possibly built by the Nor'westers, for an inventory of Hudson's Bay Company property there made in 1852 describes it as "a wooden dwelling house of nine rooms very old and in a state of decay."

This inventory was probably made in connection with the final lease of the King's Posts, which was granted that year. The proviso as to settlement contained in the 1842 lease proved to be the thin end of the wedge, for only ten years later the Company surrendered it and received a new one in its place, taking away their exclusive trading and fishing privileges and retaining for the Crown the right to grant timber cutting licences in any part of the domain. Moreover, the new lease could be terminated by either party on eighteen months' notice.

Five years later, Mr. Ross, the ex-attorney-general for Canada, told the select committee on the Hudson's Bay Company that the King's Posts "is not a country that can be occupied with any advantage, because I believe that the natives, and the people who are there connected with the Hudson's Bay posts, if the Company were not there to assist them during severe winters, would very often starve." But despite such evidence, the Crown gave notice, on May 15 of the following year, of its intention to cancel the lease, and in February 1859 Sir George Simpson gave orders that the posts of "Lake St. John, Chicoutimi, Tadoussac, Ile Jeremie, Godbout, and Seven Islands are to be delivered up to the government on or before the 15th November next." Thus the last shred of monopoly which the Company had enjoyed in the King's Domain was removed.

Certain of their posts in that area were, however, maintained—as they are yet—since the Company was still entitled to occupy trading and fishing stations like any other subject of the Crown. The establishment at Tadoussac was one of those broken up, but although trading was discontinued, the Hudson's Bay Company operated an agency there which seems to have been concerned mostly with the storage and shipping of furs.

Near the old post house a large wooden hotel was raised in 1865, and Tadoussac began to acquire that fame as a summer resort which it has held ever since. The old building stood until at least 1880, but was evidently demolished before 1887. Arthur Buies, in his "Le Saguenay" of 1880 states that Tadoussac "has not yet ceased to be one of the seats of operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has an agency and continues its fur trade there," and the statement is repeated in the 1896 edition; but in the latter case it should probably have been deleted. The present writer has made innumerable attempts to discover when the Company gave up business there, by consulting both personal and documentary sources, but without result. Two statements of Sir J. M. LeMoine's, however, shed a little light on the later activities there: In 1876 he says that although all the old posts about the Saguenay and St. Lawrence have been discontinued, except that near Betsiamites, furs in considerable quantities are carried to Tadoussac every spring and shipped to Quebec by steamer; and in 1878, that the Company has a storehouse there, near the steamboat wharf at L'Anse a l'Eau.

Nothing remains today of the ancient fur post but a dim memory. Traders and Indians alike have vanished, and the only relics of that departed era are the two old guns on the lawn where the trading post once stood. But Tadoussac itself still retains some of the strange, primeval mystery that the age-old Saguenay imparts, and although in summer it is gay with tourists and holiday-makers from Quebec and Montreal, who golf and tennis and

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The Unsolved Death of Thomas Simpson, Explorer

(*Continued from Page 20*)

Franklin's discoveries and Point Barrow should be explored and that the coast between the most easterly point reached by Franklin and Prince Regent's Inlet should be traced, and in 1836 the Hudson's Bay Company, which was about to apply for a renewal of their grant of exclusive trading rights in the Northwest Territories, was anxious to do something to propitiate the ministry of the day and escape the payment of a heavy license fee which was being suggested. So it offered to organize another expedition for the completion of the work begun by earlier explorers.

When its offer was accepted, the directors in the spring of 1836 instructed George Simpson to organize the expedition. He at once called upon his young relative, and Thomas Simpson, who was tired of being a clerk and storekeeper, undertook the task with alacrity and enthusiasm. He proceeded to draw up plans for the expedition, but in the end he was not allowed to command it, for the jealousy of older officers of the Company resulted in the nominal leadership being entrusted to Peter Warren Dease, an elderly officer who had accompanied Franklin on his last expedition. Simpson was greatly disappointed but did not withdraw, and the expedition was finally organized at Norway House in July 1836. Twelve men, who were paid at the rate of forty pounds per annum were enlisted for it, and the necessary provisions were collected.

On July 21st Dease with some of the party set out for Athabasca, and Simpson returned to the Red River for the purpose of refreshing his knowledge of mathematics and receiving instructions in practical astronomy. His original outfit of instruments was meagre, consisting only of a sextant, compass, watch and thermometer, and it was not until the third summer that he had the use of a dipping needle.

It was the first of December before Simpson was ready to start on a long winter journey to Athabasca and, as no snow had fallen, he was obliged to set out with horses and carts. The party travelled by Lake Manitoba and Winnipegosis, and then struck northwestward across the territory now included in the province of Saskatchewan. They had dog teams and sleds but they marched most of the way, and on January 10th arrived at the Hudson's Bay post at Isle la Crosse, where they found in charge a hearty old Highlander called Roderick Mackenzie, who was nearly eighty years of age.

They were hospitably entertained there until January 20, when couriers arrived with letters from Dease, and on their receipt they at once started for Athabasca. They followed the route taken by Franklin and, after the custom of experienced snowshoe travellers, did a good deal of their marching by night, which made the long stretches over frozen lakes and rivers seem less tedious and enabled them to escape the glare of snow. They encountered no difficulties, and on February 1st, the very day Simpson had fixed upon when leaving the Red River, they arrived at Fort Chipewyan on the shores of Lake Athabasca and were warmly welcomed by Dease and Edward Smith, who was in command of the post. In forty-six marching days they had travelled 1277 miles, which is a daily average of twenty-eight miles, and they had arrived a month before Dease expected them. The expedition remained at Fort Chipewyan until the spring thaw made water travel possible, and on May 31st Thomas Simpson wrote this farewell letter to his brother Alexander.

"The waters are very low, which has retarded the final disappearance of the ice; but we are now ready for a start tomorrow. We have two excellent boats for the coast —light and of light draught, each adapted for six men, besides a third of larger dimensions for Great Bear Lake. We are thoroughly provided with provisions, clothing and every necessary. Confident in ourselves and our arrangements, we look up to the Ruler of the elements for a successful issue to our undertaking. Capt. Back's present 'terrific Voyage' is not to interfere with ours; and we are in high hopes of reaching the Pole first, perhaps dining there together. His book is a painted bauble, all ornament and conceit and no substances.

Cairn built by Thomas Simpson near Cape Herschel, King William Island on 25th August, 1839, on his return journey from his farthest east. The cairn remains today to commemorate a gallant voyage of exploration. (Photograph by William Gibson, H B C, Western Arctic District.)

"Hurrah for a Husky (Eskimo) wife. I have got the portrait of mine at full length in Captain Franklin's last voyage. Our worthy mother favoured me with some lengthy strictures respecting Indian connections. What would she say to me figuring by-and-by with a young Esquimaux wife and a pair of urchins in her boots?"

The detailed story of the expedition can be read in Simpson's own book entitled "A Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of North America, effected by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years 1836-1839, by Thomas Simpson Esq. Bentley, 1843." And it is an epic tale of desperate marches, persevering labours, privations and fatigues of which only a brief summary need be given here.

The party, travelling by Great Bear lake, Great Slave lake and the Mackenzie river, reached the western outlet of the Mackenzie, which Franklin had sought in vain, on July 9th, and after a brief halt proceeded in its boats along the coast. They explored it thoroughly and immortalized various directors and officials of the Hudson's Bay Company by giving their names to headlands, bays and rivers. But about July 24th, when they had passed a promontory which they christened "Cape George Simpson," they encountered such dismally cold and foggy weather that there seemed no prospect of being able to reach Point Barrow by water. So it was decided that Thomas Simpson should complete the journey on foot, and he started westward on August 1 from a point which he fixed as in latitude 71° 3′ N., longitude 154° 26′ W. with a party of five men. They carried with them their arms, some ammunition, pemmican, a small canvas canoe for crossing rivers, astronomical instruments, and a few trinkets for the natives.

For the first three days they suffered terribly from the cold, and the travelling was so rough that when they reached an Eskimo village Simpson hired a "comiak," or family canoe, and took to the sea again. The weather improved, and eventually on August 4th they sighted Point Barrow, which is a long low spit of sand-hills. On landing they saw the ocean stretching far away to the southward on the western side of the point, and they knew that they had attained their goal and contributed to the solution of the mystery of the Northwest Passage. So they hoisted the British flag, gave three cheers for His Majesty King William, and took possession of their discoveries in his name.

The local Eskimos were friendly, but the explorers could not afford to tarry long, and after making some observations they turned homeward on August 6th. They had some difficulties with ice, but on the whole were favoured with good weather and reached the western mouth of the Mackenzie safely on August 17th. By September 5th the reunited expedition was at Fort Norman, the Company's post on the Mackenzie, and from there they proceeded to Great Bear lake, where special winter quarters had been prepared for them. At this establishment, which was named Fort Confidence, they arrived on September 25th, and as further exploration was out of the question till the spring, they spent the winter there in reasonable comfort. In a letter dated January 28th, 1838, Simpson gives the following account of his life at Fort Confidence:

"We have a pretty long lease of night in this quarter, the sun being invisible at the house from November 30th until January 12th. Our winter fare consists of cariboo and musk-ox meat, whitefish and an occasional huge trout. We were threatened with starvation at the outset; but by dint of dispensing all hands we got over that and now enjoy abundance. Our buildings are small as the climate and our means demanded; their position is on a strait opposite a large wooded island, three miles distant from Dease's river. I have not yet seen another spot where an establishment could have been erected.

"When fatigued with writing, chart-drawing and astronomy, I have a resource which you would hardly have expected here in an excellent little library; which

besides scientific books contains Plutarch, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Smollett and dear Sir Walter. It is well that we came so provided, for our friends have not thought fit to send us any of the publications of the day. Mr. Dease and I live together on the happiest footing; his old wife, a little grandchild and a strapping wench, a daughter of his brother Charles, joining our mess. Dease is a worthy, indolent, illiterate soul and moves just as I give the impulse."

The party remained at Fort Confidence till the middle of June, when they set forth to explore the shore line east of the Coppermine river. Descending this impetuous stream to its mouth, they turned eastward and went through the same arduous experiences as had befallen them the previous summer. But by the end of August the weather had become "unequivocally severe," and they had to stay close in camp during a snowstorm which lasted seven days. They travelled for ten days on foot beyond Franklin's extreme limit, Turnagain Point. Dease Strait of our maps commemorates their presence. In 1839 they explored from the point at which they had turned to Ogle Point, the western promontory of the estuary of Back's River, the extreme limit of Back's exploration, and beyond to a point south of Rae Strait, where they built a cairn. Geographical names in honour of the Company's servants mark their course—Dease Point, Campbell and Ogden Bays and Simpson Strait.

Most of the party were suffering from acute pains and swellings in the limbs caused by cold and exposure, but Simpson was in good health and stayed at Fort Simpson till December 2nd working at the narrative of his expeditions. On that date he set out for the Red River and, covering the distance of roughly 1900 miles in sixty-one days, all stoppages included, he reached his starting point on February 2nd, after an absence of three years and two months, during which he had passed through almost incredible toils and privations.

But he did not regard his work of exploration as finished, and he submitted to his cousin, Sir George, proposals for another Arctic expedition. But his plans were at first coldly received at headquarters and, while they were not definitely rejected, the suggestion was made that he should take a winter's leave of absence to recruit his strength after his hazardous labours. He continued, however, to press his project, and eventually the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to it in a letter couched in the warmest terms. It spoke of "the gallantry and excellent management manifested by Messrs. Dease and Simpson in that arduous and interesting service," and intimated that their "valuable and important services have been brought under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government."

"We observe," it proceeded, "that Mr. Dease avails himself of the leave of absence that has been afforded him with the intention of visiting Canada this season; and that Mr. Simpson volunteers to conduct another expedition with a view of continuing a survey from the mouth of the Great Fish River to the Straits of the Fury and Hecla. We have much satisfaction in availing ourselves of that gentleman's proferred services; you will, therefore, be pleased to meet any demands that may be made by Mr. Simpson for men, goods, provisions, craft, etc., and to take the necessary measures to give effect throughout the country to that gentleman's views and wishes in reference to the important and arduous service on which he is about to re-enter."

This letter, which was dated June 3rd, 1840, and was sent out by one of the Company's ships, would have brought Thomas Simpson the news that his ambition of the sole command of an Arctic expedition had been realized; but the fates ordained that he was never to read it. Simpson was greatly disappointed when the annual canoes from Canada which arrived on June 2nd brought no news of the acceptance of his plan, and Sir George Simpson, who was in Canada, continued to throw cold water upon them. Alexander Simpson asserts that Sir George, from motives of jealousy, determined to prevent effectively the organization of another expedition by sending his cousin home to Britain, and when the proposal was made Thomas, who was tired of eating his heart out in idleness at the Red River, at once accepted it and made his plans to travel homewards through the United States.

On June 5th, 1840, Simpson wrote from the Red River what was to prove his last letter to his brother Alexander, in which he intimated that he had been ordered home to England by his cousin Sir George, and that he proposed to start on the following morning southward accompanied by two companions, well-mounted and armed, as they half expected to fall in with Sioux Indians, who were then on the war path. Alexander Simpson spent the summer and autumn of 1840 on the Columbia river, in California and in the Sandwich Islands, and he was in the latter place in January 1841 when he next got word of his brother by reading in a New York paper that he had been killed months before. Considerable mystery surrounds the exact circumstances of his death, but certain facts are reasonably clear.

Thomas Simpson left the Red river on June 6th, accompanied by two half-breeds, John Bird and Antoine Legros, and on the following day they joined a larger party which was also travelling southward towards the American boundary. But its pace of travel was too slow to suit Simpson, who was in a hurry, and on June 10th he pushed on ahead with his two original companions and in addition James Bruce and a son of Antoine Legros, both half-breeds.

On the 15th the main party were surprised to see James Bruce and the younger Legros riding up to them at full speed and, when they arrived at the camp, a strange story was told. By their account Simpson had on June 14th complained of being unwell and insisted upon turning back northward to join the main party. The others had complied with his request, and on the evening of that day they camped within a mile of the Turtle river. There, according to Bruce, Simpson had shot John Bird and the elder Legros, while they were engaged in raising their tent, and killed them instantly. Thereupon he had offered Bruce five hundred pounds to take him back to the Red River colony and keep the affair a secret; he had also declared that he had shot Bird and Legros because he knew of their intention to murder him. Bruce and the younger Legros had then mounted their horses and ridden off to join the main party, who were also half-breeds. Their leader was a certain Robert Logan, and by his account, given in a sworn deposition on October 14th to a magistrate at the Red River, they had decided after hearing this tale to proceed to Simpson's camp. When they approached it they called Simpson by name and immediately afterwards heard a shot. They then withdrew and fired in the direction of a cart which was visible. There was no answering fire, and two of the half-breeds crawled along a creek to within twenty yards of the camp, when they called out that Simpson was dead. The whole party then advanced and found Simpson lying dead near the cart; the top of his head blown off and a gun was in his hand. The bodies of Bird and Legros were lying near by, and all three were immediately buried on the spot. The contention of the half-breeds was that Simpson had for some unknown reason killed Bird and the older Legros and then, when he found himself confronted with the rest of the party, committed suicide.

The authorities of the Red River colony, after holding an investigation, accepted this story and made no attempt to secure other evidence. But Alexander Simpson was not satisfied with it and embarked upon an independent inquiry. He was able to show some very suspicious features in the conduct of the half-breeds. For one thing, although they were at the most only four days distant from Fort Garry, they had continued their journey southward and had not thought it necessary to return and give information about the death of an important servant of the Hudson's Bay Company. For another, Thomas Simpson had made a practice of keeping in a journal an accurate record of each day's proceedings, and no diary was included among his effects when they were handed over by the half-breeds. But among these effects was a map on which the murdered man had marked the camping places, and the marks on it contradicted the half-breeds' story by showing that the return journey had commenced on the 12th and not, as they had declared, on the 14th. Moreover, Thomas Simpson had no motive for killing the half-breeds, and it was contrary to his interest to weaken the strength of his party when he was about to reach a country infested by hostile Indians.

So the theory which Alexander Simpson evolved was that he was foully murdered at the instigation of John Bird. The latter was the son of an old officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and had received some education from his father, but he grew up to be a wild and turbulent character. He knew that Simpson was carrying important papers relating to the Northwest Passage, and the supposition is that he believed they contained the exclusive secret of the passage, which would be worth a large sum. So Bird conceived the idea that he could enrich himself by securing possession of the papers and had plotted Simpson's death before the party set forth.

The surmise of Alexander Simpson was that his brother had discovered the plot and had feigned sickness as an excuse for turning back to the Red River settlement. Two days later, when attacked, he had killed Bird and the elder Legros in self-defence, and in the fight had either been killed himself or desperately wounded. He suggests that he was in the latter condition, and that when the whole party of half-breeds returned they despatched him.

Other historians of the Canadian Northwest are disposed to concur in Alexander Simpson's view of the tragedy, (and in some quarters the suspicion has been ac-

tually cherished that the murder was inspired by no less a person than Sir G. Simpson, the victim's cousin, through jealousy of the latter's fame as an explorer). Anyhow, thus ended the promising career of Thomas Simpson at the early age of thirty-one. Some months after his death his body was removed from its grave on the prairie and reinterred in the Presbyterian churchyard at Kildonan in the Red River settlement.

There was found among his effects his carefully prepared narrative of the expedition in which he discovered the North-west Passage. Sir George Simpson wanted to embody it in a work about the North-west which he contemplated publishing, but Alexander Simpson raised objections, and it was revised and edited by Col. Edward Sabine and published in a volume of its own in 1843.

The British government thought that the Arctic expedition merited some honours and rewards, and so, while a baronetcy was conferred on Mr. J. H. Pelly, the chairman of the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a knighthood on Mr. George Simpson, pensions of one hundred pounds per annum were awarded to Thomas Simpson and Peter Dease. Simpson's death cancelled his pension and Alexander Simpson engaged, without any success, in correspondence with Sir Robert Peel in an effort to secure it for his relatives. Alexander then turned his epistolary batteries upon the Hudson's Bay Company and his cousin, the Governor, and charged them with withholding from Thomas Simpson's heirs the rewards which had been pledged to him for his services. He accused them of causing the abstraction from his brother's papers of valuable documents which offered evidence of explicit pledges given to the explorer and declared that their fulfilment should entail the payment of between two and three thousand pounds. But Sir George had apparently little love for his cousin, and when the claims were disregarded they could not be pressed in the courts.

The Eskimo Dogs of the Eastern Arctic

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The bitch should be isolated before she whelps and given a clean place uncontaminated by other dogs. It is a good idea to give a dose of worm medicine soon after pregnancy starts, and before the puppies are born the belly should be well washed with soap and water to remove all worm eggs which may be sticking to the skin. After the puppies are weaned they should be kept away from all other dogs until they are at least three months old, when they may be given the same liberty and food as the other dogs. The reason for isolating the bitch and her puppies is to keep them free from worms or other infections until they are strong enough to withstand them. Puppies are very susceptible to worm attack, and if infected become greatly stunted in growth. The above method will not be practical for native dogs as they are frequently moved from place to place, and it is improbable that breeding bitches or their puppies can be isolated. However, the constant movement of animals to new surroundings has a beneficial effect in the prevention of worm infection. It has been noticed that the Eskimo has a fancy for odd coloured dogs, the preference being for piebald individuals, but this colour preference should not interfere with size, conformation, and the other qualities which make a good sled dog. The brood bitch should be fed on the best food available, and as soon as the puppies will eat they should receive small quantities of food to help the mother in raising them. In Alaska it was noticed that puppies born in the autumn often developed better than those which were born in the spring. The probable reason for this is that with snow on the ground the pups are raised in cleaner surroundings and are less troubled with parasites.

The Coast Line and Islands of Hudson Bay

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distinguish the low shore line with this amount of offing. At best it appears as a thin flat streak on the horizon. The day's journey, once commenced in this manner, cannot be terminated at will. Until the tide comes in again about twelve hours later, the canoes must be kept at sea. Rain, wind, waves or tranquil sunny weather must be faced alike in the open.

In extreme cases, where dangerous, howling gales and heavy seas sweep down from the northeast, a landing may sometimes be made through the surf on the mud bars. In such cases the canoes would usually be wrecked and the cargoes damaged or lost. But the Hudson's Bay type of heavy freighter is no eggshell and has been found to weather most surprisingly large seas.

The long day's journey gives ample time for reflection and a study of nature at her best. Schools of white whales, also seals, walrus and occasionally polar bears, are seen in close proximity to the canoes. In the early part of the season, the cool zephyrs off neighbouring fields of ice check any undue tendency towards heat prostration. In fact the heaviest of winter clothing must be worn.

At intervals of about one decade, the western coast is visited in the fall by devastating storms. Under a combination of northeast gales, low barometric pressure and high tides, the sea water rises six or seven feet above its customary level. Smashing seas come pounding in, destroying all movable objects in their path. This results in much property damage and loss of life. Indians in shore encampments, white trappers and traders, are awakened at night to find their camps or houses in the midst of a swirling, threatening flood. Flight inland, if at all possible, is their only salvation.

On one such occasion a large sailing schooner, the *Fort York*, of thirty tons displacement, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, was carried three miles inland and left high and dry among spruce trees.

But nature is not always wild and turbulent in this district. Sometimes long periods of warm sunny weather, with blue skies and gentle breezes, make life extremely pleasant along the northern seaboard. In recent years the new ports at Churchill and Moosonee have sprung into existence to add a new interest to the life of the local residents. But in general it is quite certain that relatively small changes have occurred in either the eastern or western coast since the day that Henry Hudson embarked with his eight companions on his last long voyage of discovery.

By Canoe to the Bay

(Continued from Page 31)

river there are no tow-paths. It took us four days to reach "steel," and that stretch was the most difficult of the entire trip.

Mile 352, where the railroad touches the river, is about twenty miles from the town of Gillam. There was a telephone there and we called up Mr. Boyd, the Hudson's Bay manager, and told him of our arrival. When our train got to Gillam at eleven that night, we found a specially prepared meal waiting for us at the hotel; steak, salad with real tomatoes, and home baked apple pie.

We rode on train the rest of the night, and next morning left it at Thicket Portage and started on the last lap of our trip to Norway House. The flies and mosquitoes had all gone, and the country here was the most beautiful we had seen. White Mud falls on the Nelson, just below Cross Lake, was magnificent—not nearly as big as Niagara, but to us every bit as thrilling. Perhaps, because it was within our ken. These falls are known locally as "the Niagara of the North," and they are well worth the trip all the way up there to see.

We arrived at Cross Lake the day after treaty had been paid. The seven hundred Indians who had gathered there to receive it were still celebrating with games, races and dancing. Mr. Denton, the post manager, and his niece invited us to their home for tea. It seemed strange to be handling thin china cups after our clumsy camp ware. It felt like drinking tea out of egg shells, and that were we to close our hands we would crush them. The tiny silver Apostle spoons seemed like toys, and we were deathly afraid of swallowing them.

On August 13th, just forty-five days from the time we had left it, we arrived at Norway House. The old York boat was still there among the rushes, and, though we couldn't see them, we felt that the ghosts were still loitering about the rotting hull. We were proud of our achievement, and we hoped that as they discussed our safe return their laughter would not have in it all of the derision that it must have had that day in June when we landed at Norway House and announced our intention of canoe cruising to York Factory on Hudson Bay just for pleasure.

Tadoussac, the Company and the King's Posts

(Continued from Page 63)

picnic and dance in the shadow of rocky mamelons and sandhills, its season of gaiety lasts only as long as the green leaves, and soon the snow is swirling again and the winds howling down out of the west between the grim ramparts of the "River of Death." Then once again the spirit of its ancient savagery seems to descend upon the place, and the arrival of an occasional ice-breaker or sleigh is the only link with cities that were a wilderness when Tadoussac was already old.

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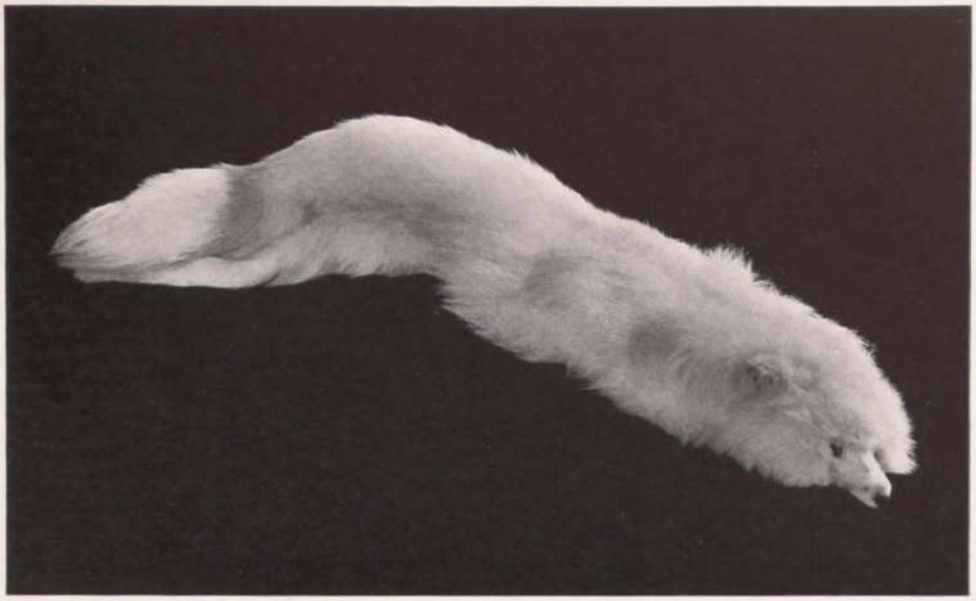

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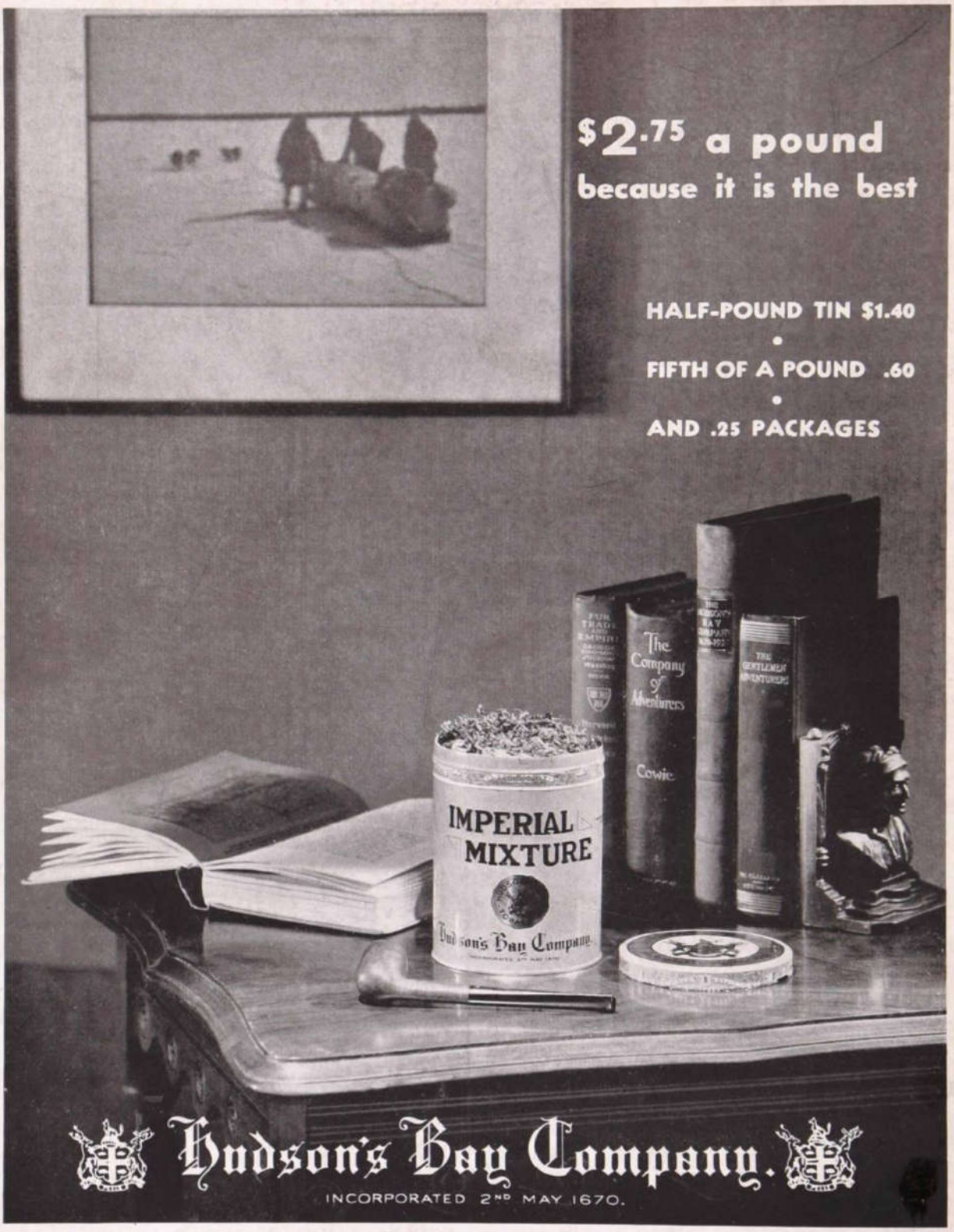
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